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The Week

ONLY two things seem certain about Manchuria. One is that the growing hostility between America and Japan has been at least temporarily dissipated, and the second is that the civilian government at Tokio has completely lost control over the Japanese Manchurian army. Last week, apparently, Secretary Stimson had obtained a hard and fast pledge from Barons Wakatsuki and Shidehara that there would be no further military action in Manchuria. Japan had thoroughly accomplished all that it had set out to do last September. It had driven the Nationalist Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang from South Manchuria, seized his great arsenal at Mukden (said to be the largest anywhere in the world) and probably permanently destroyed his power. It had established its military control over all the Chinese-owned Manchurian railroads, including the enormously important Peiping-Mukden line. On these gains the civilian Cabinet at Tokio was prepared to rest. Accordingly, last week, the Japanese Cabinet dispatched a so-called ultimatum to General Ma Chen-shan, the Chinese war lord of northern Manchuria, which in reality represented a complete backdown from all Japan's earlier demands, and was obviously intended for face-saving purposes alone.

UNDER this ultimatum, General Ma was to keep his army and Tsitsihar, his capital, and Japan tacitly renounced any intention of occupying the approaches to the strategic Pokotu Tunnel on the Chinese Eastern Railroad, without which the military control of northern Manchuria is impossible. General Honjo, the Japanese commander-in-chief in Manchuria, was known to be violently opposed to the terms of the ultimatum, but it was not supposed he would dare openly to defy the civilian Cabinet. This is, however, exactly what General Honjo proceeded to do, and on the day the League Council met in Paris, fresh warfare broke out in northern Manchuria. The situation, consequently, remains as ominous as it has ever been. The Japanese army is thoroughly hostile to America, has contempt for the League Council and is apparently ready and eager to provoke a conflict with Soviet Russia. It is, moreover, evident that any agreement reached between Tokio and the League, or between Tokio and Secretary Stimson, can be promptly sabotaged by General Honjo and the Japanese militarists in Manchuria. As long as this situation exists, further negotiations seem valueless. The only hopeful factor is the obvious desire for peace on the part of both Secretary Stimson and the government of Soviet Russia.

SIGNOR Grandi's visit to President Hoover has come to resemble a social call rather than part of a serious attempt to deal with the difficulties of the world. The Premier of France has been received, therefore it is in accord with etiquette to invite a representative from Italy. If Herr Bruening were less busy, he might be the next; and successive liners might bring a whole stream of official visitors from other European nations. But since Mr. Hoover has already blessed the attempt of France to arrange Europe according to her own plans, he could have little but meaningless courtesies to exchange with other emissaries. Italy, it is reported, sympathizes with our desire for disarmament, and wants revision of the Treaty of Versailles. In ac-

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cordance with her traditional policy of playing alternately with one side and then the other, in exchange for whatever she may get for herself, she is now leaning toward Germany. But these sentiments can be, under the circumstances, little more than pious wishes. France does not intend to disarm or to permit treaty revision, and we have agreed to stand aside to see what she can do with Germany and the Danubian states. If the United States has no means of checking her, certainly Italy has none.

NOW that Senator Smoot and President Hoover have come over to the necessity of increasing taxes, there is no further doubt that Congress will act. The progressives were convinced months ago that taxes must be raised, though at that time the administration was sternly opposed to anything of the sort. But now the logic of events has reënforced the logic of reason. The remaining question concerns the sort of levies which will be resorted to. Those who originally, in their concern for the wealthier elements of the community, resisted tax increases, are now casting about for devices that will burden those elements as little as possible, while collecting funds from the general public. Sales taxes furnish the obvious means to accomplish this result. But sales taxes are certain to obstruct the flow of goods in a market which already is inactive. Higher rates on incomes and inheritances, such as the progressives want, cannot be passed on to the consumer, and are more just in every way. We are now suffering from the mistake of Coolidge and Mellon in reducing income taxes during prosperity.

EVEN among the President's own group of relief workers, the feeling is spreading that the federal government will soon have to do more than merely "stimulate and coördinate" local effort to aid the unemployed. This is the sense of an "Open Letter to the President on Federal Relief Appropriation," by William Hodson, published in The Survey Graphic for November. Mr. Hodson is not only very close to the whole problem, but, as executive director of the Welfare Council of New York City, is one of the leading workers in the Gifford organization. The great burden of relief expenditure, over 70 percent of it, he points out, must be carried by the public treasuries of local governments. Now many of these communities are approaching the end of their rope; they have no further surplus left from tax receipts, nor constitutional right to float added bond issues. Yet the Hoover administration claims that there is no precedent for drawing upon the federal Treasury to relieve public distress, that this is not "the American way." Into the whole debate over principles and methods Mr. Hodson now inserts some fertile proposals, born of his experience as chairman of another of Mr. Hoover's committees, the one which deliberated upon a program of federal aid in child-welfare work throughout the country. The special value of his proposals is the manner in which they clear up the question of what machinery, agencies, precedents—what *modus operandi*, in short—shall be used in establishing federal relief, a question which has been a stumbling block to those who admit such relief to be inevitable and are preparing legislation for it.

A RAPID, objective check-up of the financial condition of local governments throughout the country is the first urgently necessary step proposed by Mr. Hodson. This is a large task, but by no means impossible to accomplish with dispatch. It would show where federal aid is needed, and upon what scale. The next step, according to Mr. Hodson, is to effect a partnership between the federal government and the localities in providing relief. As for the argument that such a partnership would be immoral or unsanctified, Mr. Hodson points to the system of grants-in-aid by the federal government, long familiar in connection with river and harbor improvement, and even with educational and child-welfare work. To extend grants-in-aid for unemployment relief is to use a "governmental technique peculiarly fashioned to the needs of the American people and nicely adjusted to the American governmental structure under the Constitution." Local and state initiative would be ensured through the need for coöperation; although the usual requirement that the localities match federal appropriations dollar for dollar would have to be modified according to special conditions. Precautions would also have to be taken against the evils of the "pork barrel." On the whole, Mr. Hodson's proposals are as constructive as anything offered so far. They have the practical merit of leading to adequate federal relief by following established precedents.

IN THE issue of October 7, The New Republic published an editorial on starvation and unemployment in Detroit, based on a featured news item in Labor's News, issued by the Federated Press. This item, printed under the signature of a Detroit correspondent, stated that "a physician in the Receiving Hospital in Detroit told Federated Press recently that four people a day on the average are brought to the hospital too far gone from starvation for their lives to be saved . . . that at the lowest possible minimum one person starves to death every seven hours and fifteen minutes." It also stated that "three workers died in Grand Circus Park in one day." Since the publication of our editorial we have received a number of protests from Detroit and two affidavits. The first, from the superintendent of the Receiving Hospital, stated that during the past year the hospital has not "cared for or been asked to care for any patient suffering from 'starvation' [the quotation marks are the superintendent's] neither have we admitted any patient for any other condition whose disease was directly due to 'starvation.' We have had no deaths from 'starvation.'" The second affidavit, from the Coroner of Wayne County, states that there have

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been no deaths from starvation reported to him. We have also received a number of specific denials that deaths have occurred in Grand Circus Park.

UPON receipt of the protests from Detroit, The New Republic asked the Federated Press for the name of the physician who made the statement to its correspondent. This information was withheld on the ground that if his name were published, his job would be imperiled. The Federated Press, however, has collected a number of affidavits purporting to be from eye-witnesses that men have been found dead in Grand Circus Park. It is clear, under these circumstances, that The New Republic cannot of its own knowledge vouch for the statements made in the editorial; the issue is now one of veracity between the news service and the officials who deny its statements. One reason for the difference may be that while a diagnosis by medical authorities assigns a specific disease as the cause of death, undernourishment is an important contributory factor. In fact, the certificate of death of the Michigan Department of Health specifically directs doctors "never to report mere symptoms, or terminal conditions . . . when a definite disease can be ascertained as the cause."

OF THE twenty-one persons lynched last year, two were undoubtedly innocent. Eleven were possibly innocent; the evidence shows that it would have been difficult or impossible to convict them in an unbiased court. Several were mental defectives who should long ago have been confined in state institutions. Eleven were totally illiterate; only one had gone beyond the fifth grade, and not one had entered high school. The white mobs which lynched these Negroes were largely composed of men "poorly educated, without property, often unemployed and sometimes with court records." All these facts are taken from the report of the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching, as issued by its chairman George Fort Milton, the editor of The Chattanooga News. Two features of the Commission's report are highly commendable: first, that it represents the opinion of leading Southerners, and thus cannot be accused of sectional bias; second, that its findings are unsentimental and realistic. Thus, it explodes an ancient myth by giving the cold statistics which show that less than one-fourth of the persons lynched since 1890 were even accused of attacks upon white women. It also stresses the economic causes of lynching, but it does not stress them enough.

LYNCHING, as a matter of fact, is not a disease in itself; it is merely a symptom. The disease is poverty, aggravated in the South by a maldistribution of whatever wealth exists. Whenever a landowning class rules precariously over a population of serfs (and what else could one call the share-croppers of Mississippi and Georgia?) the landlords attempt consciously or subconsciously to protect themselves by separating their subjects along racial lines: they divide and rule. White tenant-farmers lynch Negro tenant-farmers; and the educated white landlords stay aloof from this disgusting business, deploring it and profiting none the less. They would like to give their tenants more money and better educations, but they cannot afford to be generous; they must struggle desperately to maintain their own modest standards of living. Meanwhile the white philanthropists of the North deplore lynching even more vehemently. They exhort their Southern neighbors to be gentle and virtuous, while forgetting that their own ancestors were more than half responsible for the whole situation. It was, indeed, the Northern financiers and politicians of the Reconstruction era who plunged the whole South into that morass of poverty and ignorance where lynchings flourish.

THE Lawrence strike, which Edmund Wilson describes in the present issue of The New Republic, has ended, and the mill owners can chalk up another victory against their score. For various reasons which Mr. Wilson implies in his article, the outcome was to be expected. When a large mass of unorganized workers voted to accept the 10-percent wage slash, the remaining strikers, caught up by the chronic fear of unemployment, starvation and poverty, stampeded back to the looms. All the 23,000 strikers are now at work, except the three or four thousand employees of the Pacific Mills, which are to remain closed for an indeterminate period as a threat, according to strike leaders, that the workers henceforth can expect no mercy from their employers should they again attempt to resist wage cuts, longer hours and speeding-up tactics by going out on strike. Whether the Lawrence textile workers will be able to show a more united front in the next strike than they have in the recent one, it is impossible to say, but it is certain that their defeat will only add impetus to the wage-slashing movement which is rapidly placing the textile workers of New England on a wage plane comparable to that of the bituminous coal miners. Already reports are coming in that 10-percent wage cuts will soon be made in the textile mills of New Bedford, Lowell and other neighboring towns.

WITH the opening of the hunting season in the Northern states, the Department of Agriculture has issued an appeal to hunters to spare the ducks this year. That the hunters will respond to this appeal, however, is more than doubtful, to judge by their high state of preparedness for the autumn campaign. Witness the improved duck blind which one of our correspondents stumbled across on the beach near Eastham on Cape Cod. This long, low building, skillfully camouflaged with marsh grass, was surmounted by a turret which gave it a striking resemblance to the old battleship "Monitor." Extending from the main building to the edge of the marsh were trenches dug six feet deep in the sand.

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At the end of each trench was a place for a sentinel who, by pressing a push button, could warn the hunters of an approaching attack from the ravenous ducks. The hunters, rising from their whiskey and poker, would rush to the turret and lay down a barrage with automatic shotguns. Dogs would be released from cages hidden in the front line, to retrieve the slaughtered enemy, and the happy warriors would then return to their whiskey, thereby bracing themselves against the next duck onslaught. According to our correspondent, all that the place needed to make it a perfect example of modern warfare would be a couple of trench mortars, a case of Very lights and a few pamphlets filled with canards about the atrocities performed by ducks upon ravaged Belgium.

DURING the course of the past six months The New Republic has published requests from various organizations for funds to aid the starving miners in the coal regions of West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Kentucky. The most recent entrant into the field is the American Friends' Service Committee, which, with the coöperation of the Federal Council of Churches, is collecting money and clothes for the starving miners and their families. Any of our readers interested in aiding the miners through this Quaker organization, whose excellent work during the War was certainly no more urgent than its work in the coal fields, should send their contributions to Miss Olive Van Horn, Treasurer, Coal Areas Relief, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.

Housing for Prosperity

THE LONG HERALDED second step in President Hoover's anti-deflation program has at last been announced. A series of twelve Home Loan Banks is the proposal which finally emerges from the conferences of the many interests concerned. This would provide, for the institutions which lend money on first mortgage for home building—savings banks, building and loan associations, and the like—a central discounting organization performing a service somewhat akin to that which the Federal Reserve Banks furnish for commercial banks. Each of the Home Loan Banks would lend to any member institution in its district half the value of any home mortgage of $15,000 or less held by that institution, provided the mortgage were not in default and did not constitute an excessive percentage of the property as now appraised. The mortgage would, of course, serve as the collateral. The Home Loan Banks would raise the money to loan to the member banks by bond issues of their own.

How helpful would this measure be, as a way out of depression? It would not, of course, begin to operate until Congress had passed the necessary legislation and the system had been set up and had begun to operate. It would not then directly liquidate any of the mortgages on farm or city homes on which interest is not being paid, or any loans advanced on the basis of an appraisal that will have to be reduced on account of the present shrinkage in values. It would not help out of difficulty any of the banks or bond institutions which have frozen assets tied up in apartment houses, hotels or other of the more expensive housing projects. But it would enable the loaning institutions to borrow half the value of the smaller mortgages held by them which are still sound. It would do this, that is, provided the bonds of the central banks could be sold, and there seems to be little doubt that they could be. Thus, a large sum of money would be made available to the member banks, making it possible for them to be more lenient to borrowers who are in temporary difficulties. And it would supply additional funds to be lent to the builders of new homes. If there is any great demand for new small houses which cannot now be met because first-mortgage money is unobtainable, a corresponding impetus to the construction industry, and to the many other industries depending on it, would follow.

It is decidedly improbable, however, that any large demand of this kind now exists. The market for small houses of the type that can profitably be erected either by individuals or by speculative builders has been pretty well exploited. Such homes can be afforded only by those belonging to a very limited income class, even in the best of times. What with reduced profits and salaries, unemployment among the white-collar classes, and stock-market losses, the demand for them is materially reduced. It is probably this limitation, rather than any lack of money to lend on new first mortgages, which hampers the residential industry at present. Resources of savings banks and building-loan associations have, on the whole, been greatly enlarged during the depression. If revival comes, and the existing surplus of this type of residence disappears, the normal demand for it will revive, but in these circumstances there can hardly be any lack of first-mortgage money. Such a lack almost never appears, except during the closing stages of a boom when savings are diverted to speculation.

The genuine obstacles to a broad expansion of residential building lie elsewhere. They lie in the high cost of decent new housing, which makes it unavailable to the vast majority of income receivers, in good times and bad alike. The real-estate and speculative building industries, though they produce a surplus of the more expensive housing periodically, are never able to build cheaply enough for the majority, who, by and large, have to be satisfied either with shoddy products or the cast-off, dilapidated and overcrowded buildings formerly produced for those with larger incomes.

Institutions like the City Housing Corporation in New York, which by research and experiment have sought to provide really good housing for a

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lower price, have discovered where the obstacles lie. The high price of land in congested districts is one difficulty. And if large tracts of cheaper land are available on the outskirts of cities, or in the suburbs, the usual method of speculative subdivision into individual house lots immediately boosts the price to the home-seeker. Another waste is the usual city layout in small blocks, which necessitates the provision of more paving, sewers and other utilities than are necessary if a whole district can be planned in advance and decent limits set for population per square foot of ground. In Radburn, a model town which the Corporation is developing near New York, the number of arterial highways carrying such utilities is limited, while large interior spaces for gardens and playgrounds are crossed merely by walks and small drives. The result is more free space, plus lower cost for housing a given population. Intelligent advance planning, with large-scale operation, also permits many economies in purchasing of materials and construction expense.

Another major obstacle to inexpensive housing under ordinary circumstances is the cost, not of first-mortgage money, but of second or even third mortgages, which are often necessary if the family with a small income is to be enabled to purchase. Such junior mortgages usually carry high rates of discount which increase the carrying charges to 15 percent or more annually. The City Housing Corporation substitutes for these junior mortgages money of its own, which it raises by selling common stock limited to a dividend of 6 percent. Under existing conditions, investment in this stock is considered a form of philanthropy, although it is really safer than many stocks which the public has bought heavily. Difficulty in finding money for this purpose has severely limited the activities of this and other institutions of the sort.

Although use of the methods developed by the City Housing Corporation has enabled the provision of houses and environment of an amazingly high quality for an amazingly low price, even the economies it has practised have not brought the cost down to meet the necessities of really slender purses. How much less, then, can be expected of a plan which merely provides more loans on first mortgage for the usual wasteful type of operations!

The Hoover plan is obviously a very short step. It has carefully avoided any measure which might tread on the toes of any existing interest, and therefore does nothing to clear up the tangle of speculative profit-making which prevents the extension of housing to meet the real needs of the population. By the same token, it offers little prospect of a large and lasting expansion of productive industry. Let us hope that one of the other committees soon to report to his conference on construction and housing will outline a much more ambitious scheme, which will show how, by regional planning and large-scale operations, a real beginning may be made at the job to be done.

Toothpicks

UNDER the leadership of Theodore Dreiser, a group of American writers and editors journeyed to Harlan County, in the coal-mining region of southeastern Kentucky, early in November. For a long time reports had been reaching the world outside of terrorism hardly equaled in the darkest ages of the labor struggle half a century ago. There had been pitched battles between miners and deputy sheriffs, mass arrests of strikers, persecution and starvation of their families and sympathizers. Scores of indicted miners faced sentences of death or long imprisonment on charges of murder and criminal syndicalism. Newspaper men who attempted to report the situation had been intimidated, shot and driven out by agents of the mine owners. It was this last development that determined Mr. Dreiser and his associates to enter Harlan County, unarmed, on an errand of investigation.

The conditions they saw and the testimony they heard during a three-day visit to Pineville and Harlan convinced them that mine guards, sheriffs and county authorities were conducting a "reign of terror." They were led to place in the hands of the Governor of Kentucky specific charges of irregularity against Circuit Judge D. C. Jones, who had been trying the miners' cases in Harlan. But their findings were actually an indictment of a whole state which tolerated inhuman conditions in the mining industry and the lawlessness that followed as a consequence.

In the meantime the "better elements" in Harlan County were both frightened and angered at the descent of humanitarian intruders from New York, men whose voices might command the attention of the press throughout the country. They set detectives on these potentially dangerous visitors. Accused as a community, they wished to follow the old and irrelevant procedure of impugning the character of their accusers, exposing the exposers. What followed was a sinister farce.

Speaking in allegory, one sees the state of Kentucky gathering up her robes and skirts of majesty and setting out to spy upon the personal conduct of the intruders. Chuckling to herself, rolling her hoydenish eyes, she prowls, crawls and peeps about the corridors of the hotel in Pineville, where the sexagenarian author, his associates and assistants are sleeping. And before the door of Mr. Dreiser's room, with cunning and malice aforethought, Kentucky kneels and props up several toothpicks. Then, in the early hours of the morning, prowling about the corridors again, she comes to Mr. Dreiser's door and notes, according to testimony deposed, that said toothpicks are undisturbed.

As she gloats over this evidence of misdoing, the hoyden transforms herself into a prude. She carries her toothpicks secretly into court, and obtains an indictment for adultery against Theodore

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Dreiser and a secretary who accompanied his committee. Bond is fixed at $200 for each of the transgressors, who by this time have finished their work and departed into another state. No attempt is made to serve them with a summons; adultery is not an extraditable offense.

But can't Mr. Dreiser, who by this time has vehemently denied the charge, be overwhelmed with other accusations? Kentucky stops to reflect. She transforms herself a second time. No longer a prude, she becomes a patriot, a lady bent on defending the rugged Americanism represented by the Insull interests and by the two-gun deputies who swagger through the streets of Harlan and Evarts. Mr. Dreiser is accused of committing, aiding or counseling crime or physical violence (or other unlawful acts or methods) as a means of accomplishing political ends or bringing about political revolution. He is indicted for criminal syndicalism; and along with him are indicted eight of his associates: John Dos Passos, Charles Rumford Walker, Samuel Ornitz and Melvin P. Levy among others.

The state of Kentucky, however, is really not such a hoyden and prude and timorous patrioteer as she appears to be from this summary. Her error in the Dreiser case is that she has allowed herself to be represented by unworthy officials—for example, by Judge D. C. Jones and by Commonwealth's Attorney Brock, a renegade union man who admits to having brought fifty indictments for the killing of three deputy sheriffs, and no indictments whatever for the killing of twelve miners. The argument of Judge Jones and Mr. Brock seems to be as follows: The toothpicks outside Mr. Dreiser's door were undisturbed, *therefore* the miners are not being starved; on the other hand, it is right and proper to shoot down starving miners, *therefore* the people who protest against these shootings are criminal syndicalists. This logic may prove effective in Mr. Brock's district, teeming with Fundamentalists, where even the suspicion of adultery is regarded as a more heinous crime than the violent persecution of a whole class of workers. But the rest of the country is apt to conclude that an argument is pretty weak when it has to be founded on mud and nailed together with toothpicks.

Icarus

THE SEARCH for Lauro De Bosis, the young Italian poet and scholar who flew over Rome scattering anti-Fascist leaflets, has so far revealed no trace of him; and it is now generally assumed that he was either shot down by pursuing planes or was drowned. For the purpose of this secret venture he had learned to fly at Herndon, in a few weeks; and in a small German plane, loaded with leaflets and with but two hours' fuel, he set out from Nice. On Saturday, October 3, in the evening, when the city was abroad, he appeared over Rome. After scattering some half-million leaflets, it is said, denouncing the Fascist regime and calling upon Italians to follow the example of the Spaniards and revolt, he set out toward the east, pursued by a cloud of government planes.

Lauro De Bosis was the son of an Italian poet and scholar, the famous translator of Shelley. He himself, with his poetic drama "Icarus," won the Italian "Olimpia" prize. Though under thirty, he was long since distinguished as a translator of English and of Greek. His versions of Sophocles and Aeschylus were given on the Palatine in 1923, at the Greek theatre, of which he was at that time the director. He was a doctor of physics also, and widely read in philosophy. His was a nature gifted, impetuous, generous and brilliant, capable of imagination in all he touched and of numberless friendships. The present incident goes back to the arrest and trial last year and heavy conviction of other members of the Alleanza Nazionale, for a distribution of anti-Fascist propaganda. De Bosis at that time was abroad and so escaped the payment made by his associates, which he has now paid.

This is not the first time that men have offered their lives for or against a cause, and so any argument against or for Fascism will serve no purpose here except to divert the attention from De Bosis himself and his action. For the purpose in his mind, his certainty of the outcome, the passionate desire behind his resolution, the best source is the manifesto he wrote the night before his setting out, and left with a friend to be published in the newspapers: "The Story of My Death."

How much of Shelley was in the poet's thoughts when he planned this flight and sacrifice, and what dreams out of all the beautiful treasuries from which he had stored his mind, magnificent poetry, thought and action, who shall say? Behind his act lies the Mediterranean genius for finding the great symbol, which can both express the idea and satisfy the imagination, and by doing so takes on to itself its own life and power. Whatever may have been his determination and devotion, it was his poetic mind after all that enabled him to give to the world his own private splendor.

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The Brain Worker in the U. S. S. R.

RUSSIA'S shift from a capitalist to a socialist economic system has inevitably brought with it substantial changes in the status and economic rewards of the country's brain workers: authors, artists, engineers, physicians, teachers, etc. The work and the compensation of members of these professional classes are more definitely regimented than is the case in other countries. In general the Soviet system at its present stage of development tends to eliminate both the risk of total unemployment (except, perhaps, for obstinate political nonconformists) and the more glittering material prizes which are within the grasp of the highly successful author, dramatist or physician in America and western Europe. It does not establish anything like complete material equality for its brain workers (this would be quite out of line with the present trend of economic policy); but it makes for more uniform scales of compensation.

Not all classes of intellectuals fare equally well under the present system. If one takes as bases of comparison the pay of other classes and the general living standards of the country, authors, journalists and engineers are well compensated, while the pay of teachers, doctors and lawyers is meager. This is probably due, in large measure, to the fact that books, newspapers and factories as a rule pay for themselves directly, while health and education are dependent on a State budget which has certain limits. The Soviet economic organization has not yet reached the stage of centralized perfection where it can mete out wages and salaries in precise accordance with the supposed social value of the service performed, although this is the ideal which is roughly being aimed at.

The foreign reader should also bear in mind that, while officially an American dollar is worth a little less than two rubles, there is no real correlation between Soviet and foreign currency systems and price levels. A Soviet citizen with an annual income of twenty thousand rubles could not, for instance, buy many of the luxuries, comforts and conveniences which an American could purchase with ten thousand dollars, and would have to pay vastly higher prices for such foodstuffs as he might buy, apart from the minimum necessities which are sold on ration cards at moderate prices. On the other hand, a Russian who received an income of twenty thousand rubles would probably spend a much smaller part of it for rent and would be entitled to receive free medical aid, although he might prefer to pay for the services of an outstanding medical specialist.

Authors in the Soviet Union, as in other countries, are dependent for compensation on royalties from books and plays and on the fees which they may receive from articles published in periodicals. They are admitted to membership in the authors' union—which acquires a more proletarian tinge by including also printers and paper workers—after some of their writings have been published. A minimum royalty must be paid for every published book, and its final amount is proportioned to the total number of copies sold. An average writer in the Soviet Union earns from five hundred to a thousand rubles a month. The average wage of a manual worker is in the neighborhood of a hundred rubles a month, that of clerks and office employees is about a hundred and fifty rubles, although the manual workers enjoy certain compensating advantages in respect to their ration cards.

The author of an unusually successful book or play may enjoy a much higher income. It is one of the amusing paradoxes of Soviet life that a man who is an admitted leader among the "proletarian" authors and is merciless in denouncing any symptoms of petty-bourgeois and un-Communist sentiments among his colleagues is credibly reported to enjoy what is in the Soviet Union the princely income of eight thousand rubles a month: the fruits of several plays and novels which are distinguished for their 100-percent-Communist outlook on life.

The Soviet author today is under strong social and economic pressure to instill into his work the general Communist point of view, especially in its concrete manifestations: the industrialization of the country and the collectivization of agriculture. There is a formal censorship, the Glavlit, that passes on all printed works and, as the former Commissar for Education, Anatole Lunacharsky, once told me, aims to bar from publication anything "mystical, pornographic and counter-revolutionary." Apart from this direct censorship, there is of course a process of selection by publishing houses and editorial and theatrical boards of management in which Communist influence is strong; and the writer who has run all these gauntlets may also expect stinging barbs of censure from orthodox Marxian critics if his novel or play should deviate from accepted standards.

A distinct change has come over the character of Soviet literature during the last two or three years. Up to that time the *"poputchiki,"* or "traveling companions" (a name adopted by authors who accepted the Revolution but did not bind themselves to a thoroughgoing Communist standpoint in their creative work) represented the predominant element in Russian literature. Now the influence and authority of the "proletarian" authors (not necessarily proletarians by origin, but avowed champions of Communist ideas through their literary works) have greatly increased. Many of the former

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"poputchiki," either because of genuine enthusiasm for the Five Year Plan and its achievements or because of the increasing drive against "neutrality" on the "literary front," have brought their work into much closer conformity with Communist standards and prefer to be known as *"soyuzniki,"* "allies" of the proletarian writers. The productions of authors who remain obstinately unsympathetic to the existing regime disappear from the bookstores and theatres.

Journalists, like authors, are relatively well paid in the Soviet Union. Average earnings of two or three hundred rubles a month may increase considerably if the journalist contributes special additional articles. The technique of journalism is so different from what it is in other countries that a whole article would be required to do adequate justice to this subject. Crime, scandal, sensation, description of personalities, hint, however discreet, about future developments of foreign and internal policy, are taboo for the Soviet journalist. On the other hand, the Soviet press devotes an enormous amount of space to describing the problems, successes and difficulties of new factories, State and collective farms. The Soviet press, which is entirely under Communist editorship and control, can always be swung immediately as a unit into a drive for the promotion of any objective which the government regards as desirable.

For some time after the Revolution, Russian painters and sculptors were condemned to a more than ordinarily precarious livelihood. The traditional well-to-do Maecenas was eliminated, and for a time the State did not replace the private patron in organized or adequate fashion. Now, however, government departments, State and municipal authorities, workers' clubs and other public organizations have become regular purchasers of works of art, and the position of the painters and sculptors has been correspondingly alleviated. An artist acquires recognized status when he has graduated from one of the higher art schools or when one of his works has been passed with approval by an art commission.

About half of the four thousand painters and sculptors who are members of the Rabis (the trade union which, besides artists, includes actors, musicians, stagehands and other manual workers associated with the theatres and concert halls) are under definite contract with State, trade union or other public organizations. Under this system the artist receives a regular stipend (the maximum is three hundred and sixty rubles a month), in return for which he supplies a definite number of paintings or works of sculpture on some agreed theme: new industrial building, for instance, or collective farming, or the Red Army. This system, besides assuring the artist a regular income, facilitates the direction of his creative powers along lines which the State regards as desirable.

All theatres in Russia are publicly owned, and frowned on, if not definitely forbidden, for the actors are paid according to a rather complicated differential salary system, which takes into account such varied factors as the ability of the actor, the importance of the theatre and the type of city in which the theatre is located. An actor in one of the new industrial centers, where there is a special need for entertainment for the large masses of new workers, will be paid somewhat more than an actor of corresponding classification in a non-industrial city. The greatest actors of the Art Theatre earn salaries of seven hundred rubles a month; and, if they also possess the title of "Deserving Artist" or "People's Artist" they may be awarded a monthly pension of three hundred or five hundred rubles a month in addition. The minimum theatrical salary is a hundred rubles a month.

The salaries of engineers range from two or three hundred rubles a month for beginners to a thousand rubles or even more for specialists of high ability, who sometimes occupy more than one post. The living and working conditions of engineers are distinctly easier today than they were a year ago. At that time great numbers of engineers were being arrested in connection with alleged plots among the conservative pre-revolutionary engineers to disorganize Soviet industry through acts of sabotage. Even the most loyal non-Communist engineer was under some shadow of suspicion and worked under the uneasy consciousness that any mistake, however honestly made, might be construed as deliberate sabotage. Stalin's new declaration of economic policy last June, announcing that sabotage had shrunk to very small proportions and warning against treating every old engineer as "an uncaught criminal," cleared the atmosphere considerably. It has been followed by a series of decrees giving engineers equal rights with the industrial workers in such matters as food distribution, admission to sanatoria, sending their children to universities, etc., so that the engineer's higher salary now represents a definitely higher standard of living.

Moscow elementary schoolteachers receive eighty-five rubles a month, and the scale is even lower in the provinces. Under present conditions this is very meager compensation, and some teachers try to eke out more by overtime work. High-school teachers earn a hundred and ten rubles a month and university professors still more, although even in this group many try to increase their earnings by teaching in more than one institution.

The majority of doctors, and practically all the younger ones, are employed on a panel system in State hospitals at a salary which ranges from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and seventy-five rubles a month. This is also rather out of line with the compensation received by some other classes of intellectual workers. Some of the older doctors with established reputations supplement their work for the State by private practice, which sometimes brings them in incomes that are quite high, by Soviet standards. Private practice is

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younger practictioners, who have been trained in the idea that the furnishing of medical aid should be purely a State function.

Lawyers perhaps come off the worst of any of the professional classes, if one considers the position which they enjoy in other countries. The private practice of law has ceased altogether, and lawyers who belong to the coöperatives which assign legal aid as it may be needed are very modestly paid. Many persons with former legal training have found other branches of employment.

So, in spite of the general tendency to give members of the artistic and professional classes something of the status of State employees, with more or less definite rates of compensation, there are still considerable variations both between the prosperity of various categories and between the compensation of members of the same category. Whether the brain worker is freer and happier under socialism or under capitalism is a question to which there might be almost as many answers as there are individual personalities. It has become a commonplace to say that Russia, enduring the strain and deprivations which are involved in the Five Year Plan as a necessary first step in the drive "to outstrip and overtake the leading capitalist countries," has much of the psychology of a nation at war. Regimentation of the intelligentsia, of the classes which in various ways help to mold public thought and feeling, becomes almost inevitable under such circumstances. The author, artist or teacher who is a convinced Communist derives added zest and enthusiasm from living in such a period. There is no mercy for the ideological nonconformist. And between the two extremes, the mass of the brain workers tend to float with the tide, much as they would in any other country, with private sentiments that probably vary from wholehearted sympathy with the new order that is visibly growing up around them to weary and passive acceptance of the inevitable.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN.

Lawrence, Mass.

IT IS DRIZZLING and dark at six in the morning: the dismal New England dawn. The motors have to have their lights on; the faded yellow of trees up the side-streets is the only color that tinges the gray. The gray houses with their fronts that bulge out in two stories of longish bay-windows, white curtains looped up on opposite sides, look like long-jawed cross-eyed skulls.

From the grayness, from the still half-sleepy street, there breaks out a gruesome groaning and booing. There is a vague crowd around the mill doors. The mill stands silent and dark, like a fortress of flat red brick with square four-knobbed towers. But occasionally a man goes in: he threads his way swiftly, unseeingly, among the strikers. They howl, but he disappears through the door: the police are there to see that they do not stop him. Then the pickets go on parading around in an endless belt, in front of the door, dismal but persistent.

Some of them have been out since three in the morning. A few have raincoats; a few raise umbrellas. There is a fresh-faced, cheeky, pretty girl with round shoulders who marches in high-heeled shoes. The captain is hatless and has his collar up around his ears. Between booings, he leads them in songs:

I bought a scab for half a cent—
Parley-voo—
I bought a scab for half a cent
And the son of a gun jumped over the fence!—
Hinky dinky parley-voo.

And—

When a scab he dies, he goes to Hell,
Where the rats and skunks and weasels dwell!

A storekeeper says: "Look at those foreigners! They all ought to be deported!" A colored man coming to work with booze on his breath stops and says vehemently to a bystander who is watching them: "Don't you think them folks is right?—I think everybody ought to be with 'em!—all the workin' people in the United States ought to be with 'em!" He works now in a private home, but used to work in the mills. The police make the bystanders move on.

Behind the dreary early-morning picket line is the whole force of the Lawrence strike—23,000 people who have quit work. And on the outcome of the strike depends to some extent certainly the fate of the whole American working-class this winter.

In the spring the working people are refreshed. Life is easier, and they have more self-confidence. If a wage cut were declared in the spring, they would presumably be better able to fight it. So the manufacturers wait till the edge of winter, when the cold and the dark days have just begun. The big textile companies of Lawrence waited till the beginning of October and announced a general wage cut of 10 percent, and now the other companies are watching to see whether they are going to be able to get away with it. Both the woolen mills and the print works at Lawrence are the biggest in the world.

And the Lawrence workers have decided to fight,

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cold weather or no cold weather. They have a long tradition of successful strikes—a tradition going back to 1912. The difficulties that originally existed of organizing groups of different races together—Anglo-Saxons, French-Canadians, Italians, Russians and Poles—have largely disappeared with time. The new English-speaking generation has been brought up in the strike tradition. And it is said that all you need in Lawrence is a picket line around a mill to bring the workers out. Fifteen thousand of the strikers turned out at one of the recent demonstrations—one of the largest ever held in this country. So that organized labor in general is watching the result of the Lawrence wage cut.

The textile workers, according to the United States Census of Manufactures, are the worst paid industrial group in the country. In 1929 the average earnings of a textile worker were $1,013 a year, and this had declined during the "prosperity" era, when the earnings of the other groups with one exception had been increasing. The average cost of living for a family of from three to five members was $1,594.95 in 1929; it will be seen that the textile workers came out considerably short.

In Lawrence, before the wage cut was declared, about 80 percent of the mill workers got less than $20 a week. The rent for a family tenement, unfurnished, with "nothing but the bare walls," seems to average about $6—which the Lawrence workers are particularly unfortunate in being obliged to pay weekly. And the poverty of the homes is wretched. The women often make all the clothes and do all the housework and the cooking, including baking the bread. They never get a chance to leave the house. The children who are of age to go to school often cannot go for lack of shoes. If each child has a pair of his own—usually handed down from the next oldest one—he is lucky. Some of the families buy stale bread in bags. Some try to count on steak once a week and look forward to a chicken for New Year's; some are surprised if you ask them about meat, they get it so seldom. They borrow money on their furniture and on the Morris Plan, and when the payment comes due, they can't pay their other bills. They hang on to a family ornament or two—a big crucifix or a statue of the Three Graces. The children go to work as soon as they can—if they can find any work.

The standard of living of the Lawrence workers had been let down since 1929 even before the recent wage cut—which in fact was only the climax of a long process of stretching out work and shaving down pay. In some mills you find men who had been working 60 hours a week for about $22. The looms had been speeded up till they were getting smashed right and left—it being figured that the saving effected through the tax on the weavers' nerves more than made up for the cost of the breakages. The piece-work rates had gradually been lowered by a series of petty deductions. The Washington Mills are said to have begun this en- [illegible] certain com- plications in fancy weaving; and the other mills, in professing less niggardly policies, evened up costs by taking the pennies off on certain other extra colors or kinds of thread. The strikers claim that through efficiency methods and speed-up their wages had been lowered 20 percent since the depression even without the 10-percent wage cut.

It is curious to listen to the explanations of loom-fixers of the devices by which piece-workers get gypped. Petty, intricate and technical to a layman, they are the campaign, "pick" by "pick" and cent by cent, of the men and women who own the mills against the men and women who keep them running. The power behind those great brick blocks, square miles of them, that rise on every side above the houses and bar the city from the outside world like some overgrowth, some overprecaution of fortification, is driving the people inside little by little to their last heelless pair of shoes, to their last bag of stale bread — to their last fresh flicker of strength in the morning when the coffee and the winter sun can still renew their faith. You forget that the people beyond have faces, too—from here you cannot see their faces any more than they can see the faces here. You are aware only, in spite of feeble and diseased children, in spite of foolish broken-spirited men and slattern-looking stringy-haired women, of the strong and rich human material of life that seems to persist on the wrong side of the social wall: handsome well formed Portuguese girls that look worried, pretty and plump French-Canadian women with black and amiable eyes who don't know now how they are going to take care of all the children that their beauty has brought them, German and Polish men, self-confident, accurate and energetic, who know as much about the machinery as their masters.

The strike has now been on a month. The strikers are still picketing the mills and the companies have sprung a whole repertoire of tricks to discourage or scare them back to work.

One day it is announced in the papers that the American Woolen Company is moving its machinery to Utica—several truck-loads have left town. But the story goes round among the strikers that they are old looms, already superseded by new. The next day the papers shout in headlines that a neighboring mill at North Andover is permanently suspending work: "The first industrial casualty growing out of the Greater Lawrence textile strike," etc. The truth is that the North Andover workers have walked out. The next day the papers declare that the printers and engravers at the Pacific Mills have been fired. The truth is that these printers and engravers, who are the highest paid of the textile workers, have had an agreement with the employers which guaranteed them half-pay when the mills were not working and that the agreement is about to expire the first of November and the company is declining to renew it. Side by side with the inspired version of this, the local paper

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reprints from The Boston Herald an editorial on "The Right to Unionize and the Right to Work," with anti-union quotations from President Roosevelt, President Taft, President Harding, President Hoover, Archbishop Ireland, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop McCabe, Bishop Quayle, the Reverend Lyman Abbott and General Pershing. President Hoover has put himself on record unequivocally as follows: "The principle of individual freedom requires the open shop."

The next day more drastic methods are adopted. "Red Mike" Shulman, a young Socialist organizer who has come in from the outside and been one of the most earnest and spirited of the strike leaders, is kidnapped on his way back from his picket line. He had been picketing the Shawsheen Mills, and the workers at Shawsheen had not come out with the same alacrity as those in the other mills. The owner of the Shawsheen Mills, William M. Wood of the American Woolen Company, felt compunction after the 1925 strike and used a million and a half of a surplus of something like six million dollars to build a model village for his workers. Mr. Wood's son had interested himself sympathetically in the condition of the workers and the father had put him in charge of a welfare department. But the son had died and the heart had gone out of the scheme. The model village was never completed; Mr. Wood committed suicide in Florida. Yet since the strike some of the inhabitants of the village, still trusting to the benevolence of the management, have continued to work at the mill and the ones who have struck have been reluctant to picket. The strike leaders have had to call a special meeting of the Shawsheen workers and haul them over the coals. Red Mike, who leads their picket line, has tried to ignite them with some of his fire: if you won't picket, it means only one of two things—either you're too damn lazy or you're afraid! Are they scared of not getting their jobs back because they've been seen in the picket line? And the next day Red Mike disappears: a strange car picks him up as he is leaving the line and going back to speak at the evening meeting, and he isn't seen again. During the meeting somebody outside throws a large paving stone through the window. The owner of the car that kidnapped Shulman is identified as one of the Shawsheen mill guards, the son-in-law of the overseer of the combing department, the only one which has refused to come out. A gang of strikers go round to his house, make a disturbance, get arrested, are immediately brought into court and sentenced to a year or so in jail. Some unknown person calls up the head organizer and threatens to blow his brains out. Red Mike turns up the next day: he had been slugged and shut up in a shack. The picketing is fiercer than ever: Red Mike leads the Lawrence strikers over to picket the Andover mill. The girls at a mill in Maynard refuse to work on material sent over from Lawrence because it "looks scabby" to them, and the company closes down the mill.

There are three different unions involved in the strike. When the combers in the Pacific Mills struck last March—against the plan of the efficiency men to make two combers take care of eight frames instead of each man taking two frames—the Communists came in and organized the Pacific. But after the strike the Pacific workers got leery of the Communists. When the organizers in their speeches would begin attacking the government, the audience would protest; and at one meeting an unfavorable comparison between work for everybody under the Soviets and unemployment in the United States provoked a heated interruption on the part of a loyal American citizen. Also, the employers will not deal with Communists—they will stand anything rather than the "Reds."

The Pacific workers, then, dissociated themselves from the Communists and organized their own union, which controlled the Pacific Mills and had a considerable membership in the others: the American Textile Workers. They seem amazed and shocked at the Reds. Their own point of view is simply that they want certain grievances removed, a decent standard of living guaranteed, whereas the Communists, they say, "thrive on" agitation, hurl themselves into the hands of the law with an impulse which seems to them as mysterious as that which causes the lemmings to go on periodical migrations and drown themselves in the sea. Thus, the Communists had sailed right in, all seeming to have "learned to speak from the same person," all using the same phrases and making the same gestures. Edith Berkman, who had first organized the Pacific, had been "a hot baby," they say: she had swept them up and along with her before they had a chance to think what she was up to. Then she got arrested for seditious utterances on the Common and was sent to the detention pen in Boston—where she is now awaiting deportation.

Thereafter, by a strange verbal incongruity the Communists were denied the Common. The other unions collaborated with the police in outlawing the Reds—but the police, knowing that a wage cut for the workers was likely to mean a wage cut for themselves, sustained the rights of the non-Communist strikers to free assembly and free speech. The Communist union (National Textile Workers), not allowed to hold meetings in public, was obliged to resort to an obscure back lot, hemmed in by a high barbed-wire fence, which a local building contractor, in spite of all pressure brought to bear on him to the contrary, stubbornly insisted on renting to them. And an Armenian Communist, who had been born in that part of Armenia at present under Soviet rule and whom it was consequently impossible to deport (since the United States has not recognized the Soviet Union), was consigned to an insane asylum for as long as is allowed in Massachusetts on the sole authority of the police, given spinal injections which almost provided him with the symptoms of derangement he lacked, and finally arrested at the door on his release with a

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warrant based on some new pretext and held without bail.

The Communists collaborate in picketing with the members of the other unions; but the captains of the picket lines complain that the former jeer at them as "labor fakers" and interfere with their maneuvers by systematically swinging the line in the wrong direction.

As soon as the present strike occurred, however, the A. F. of L. appeared on the scene. Its organizers are the usual specialized type, professional orators, each with his platform personality, each with his own bag of tricks. Some sound convincing; some seem a little too smooth. In any case, they have signed up some 7,000 members in their United Textile Workers' Union. The American Textile Workers have from four to five thousand members; the Communists claim one thousand.

The A. F. of L. organizers are the official heads of the strike. But they are assisted by Red Mike, a Socialist, and Sam Blakely, a representative of Muste. And they can make no important decisions without the consent of representatives of the American Textile Workers.

These latter are the most interesting element in the strike. Like the West Virginia Miners' Union, they are an example of the independent union made inevitable by the deterioration of the A. F. of L. They stand, as they say themselves, between the A. F. of L. and the Communists—earnest and determined as the A. F. of L. often isn't and yet not yet sold on overthrowing capitalism.

In this connection it is worth while to tell the story of the plan for employee representation adopted in the Pacific Mills after the 1925 strike at the instigation of the management.

This scheme provided for a shop committee made up of representatives of all the departments of the company's four mills, for a plant committee consisting of a representative from each of the mills and of four representatives of the employers, and for a board of arbitration to be composed of one representative of the employees, one of the employers and a neutral party to be agreed on by both. The Pacific at that time advertised widely its spirit of coöperation and fairness, and made radio speeches about the Golden Rule.

The plan worked all right for small matters: a personal grievance, the application of a worker who had invented some technical improvement to be compensated for the money he had saved. But the machinery broke down last May, when the girls in the curtain department went on strike against a wage cut of 25 percent. According to the provisions of the agreement, any intention of cutting wages was to have been announced first to the shop committee. But the shop committee had been ignored.

It met now, however, and insisted on having the plant committee meet. The employers said that they would abolish the curtain department and give the girls jobs in other departments. But the next thing the employees knew, the curtain department had been moved to a mill belonging to a different company in the comparatively remote town of Malden, where the management of the Pacific Mills was continuing to operate it, at the reduced wages.

Then the general 10-percent wage cut was declared, also without notice to the shop committee. They protested. The company's agent, Mr. Southworth, told them that he had no authority to make recommendations or promises. They insisted on somebody who could, and got the treasurer to come to Lawrence. The treasurer gave them no satisfaction: he told them that if they had been cut 25 instead of 10 percent, they would still be better off than the other textile workers. But the Pacific people knew they were less well paid than the textile workers in New Hampshire and Rhode Island; and according to all reports, the textile industry had been doing comparatively well.

They insisted on a meeting of the plant committee. Four representatives of the employers came: Mr. Southworth was the principal spokesman. The employees had always rather liked Mr. Southworth: he was young, quiet, good-natured, well mannered, had been to Amherst, seemed to them a gentleman. The union leaders were the pick of the personnel—young men with sound minds and strong wills, spectacled like students and avid for technical education after hours, or with dark, intent and direct eyes, and though all with the pallor of the mills upon them, as hard, compact and positive-acting as machines.

The shop committee put it up to Mr. Southworth about employee representation and the board of arbitration which was supposed to have been intended for just such occasions as this. The representatives of the employers said how could they be sure that if they set up the board the employees would accept its decision? The employees replied that they were taking the same chance on them. The employers suggested a board of which one man should represent the employers and one the employees, and one be chosen from among the employees by the employers. The representatives of the employees protested that this hadn't been the idea.

Mr. Southworth cut the discussion short. He gave them briefly but firmly to understand that the wage cut was going through in spite of everything: "Gentlemen," he said, "I move that the meeting be adjourned." And he suddenly left the room and left them speechless. The conference had only lasted about five minutes.

It had been all the union leaders were able to do to keep the workers inside the mill during the morning. But even after the conference at noon they wanted to keep them in the rest of the day. They were afraid some of the radicals would break the machinery and they wanted to announce the strike overnight. But when the workers heard about the conference, it was impossible to hold them in any longer: they all got up and left the mill.

EDMUND WILSON.

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Beauty for Sale

BEFORE an audience of fifteen hundred women, in the Grand Ballroom of the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City, a plastic surgeon performed what was described in the newspapers as "the first public face-lifting operation on record."

The women, attendants of the International Beauty Shop Owners' Convention, strained forward in their seats. Here was something like! Much more exciting than anything else on the elaborate program, most of which consisted of such conservative and academic events as permanent-wave and marcel contests, "scientific" massage and methods of merchandising. When the surgeon asked if the audience preferred him to work behind a screen the women answered unanimously in the negative.

Even at that, the surgeon operated on the side of his patient away from the audience. The patient was seated in a high revolving chair and, at intervals, the surgeon turned the chair so that the audience could see the operation as it progressed. There was much applause at each revolution of the chair (though it is true that half a dozen women fainted and had to be carried out). The patient who, voluntarily and with much apparent joy, submitted to the face lifting, was a sixty-year-old character actress. She felt that she would have better chances of getting a job if some of her wrinkles were eliminated.

Although this was the first operation to take place in public, the plastic surgeon who performed it averages several hundred similar operations a year. And many plastic surgeons spend their entire time on facial operations, the majority of which consist of face lifting. The operation, as publicly performed, appeared amazingly simple—about as easy as peeling a banana. Areas in front of the ear and on the back of the neck of the patient were marked off with iodine. A solution of novocaine was injected along the outlines. The surgeon drew up the sagging face. Snipped it. Sewed it together into a semblance of youth. He bandaged the two long, narrow wounds. And the old lady, much younger looking, certainly, had her hair waved and her photograph taken! Several weeks later, after the parts grew together, the stitches were removed. There will be scars, of course, but as most women wear their hair over their ears anyhow, the scars won't show.

This type of plastic operation costs from five hundred dollars upward, when done by a skilled plastic surgeon. You can get a bargain face lift for fifty dollars, if you are willing to take a chance on one of the "unethical" surgeons who get their patients through advertising.

A face lift is a real operation—a job for a good surgeon. With any plastic operation you take your chances on the size of the scar, on the length of time it will take your face to heal, on possible infection, on the resultant pain and on the finished effect. There is always the chance that the operation may not be a success and may leave you more than a bit lopsided. Or with a set expression. Or entirely disfigured. Most of the Boards of Health of the larger cities have in their files records of beauty operations gone awry—definite data about plastic surgeons who were not always quite successful, who left their patients worse off than before the operations.

Luckily, we have about heard the last of the trickster who, through ignorance, made paraffin injections. These were intended to correct thin cheeks, sunken noses and weak chins. Usually the paraffin, shortly after it was injected, formed into lumps or melted when the weather grew warm. There is a pitiful story of an actor who couldn't go through a scene without his ice bag!

But if you're getting on, and are beginning to be psychopathic about your appearance, regaining a semblance of youth may mean more to you than anything else in the world. And an operation including many injections of novocaine, cutting, fifty stitches or so, five hundred to a thousand dollars, very real danger of infection and the chance of being disfigured for life, may seem a small price to pay for the possibility of looking younger again.

Conservative surgeons are still holding aloof from all connections with the beauty racket. Plastic surgeons connected with the larger hospitals will accept only cases which will correct serious defects, such as disfiguring birth marks, or, after injuries, the restoration of faces to a natural and pleasing appearance so that those marred by accident may take their places in normal living without embarrassment or discomfort. These surgeons will not accept cases that are concerned only with women's vanity. There are enough plastic surgeons left, however, to take care of the beauty racket, even though some of these have had to go into court when they have left a face too badly lopsided. Many women, made ugly instead of more attractive by operations, have been ashamed to do anything.

The more modern plastic operations, which were developed during the World War, as done now by the best surgeons, accomplish results rather near miracles. By skin and bone graft after a severe accident, the whole side of a face or jaw can be reconstructed. Properly done, plastic surgery is perhaps the most legitimate end of the beauty racket. And it can be the most dangerous.

Nose alterations, properly done, are among the

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simplest of the plastic surgeon's work—if the surgeon will "do noses." In less than an hour a hooked or deformed nose can be turned into Grecian perfection, though the face will be swollen and discolored for some time afterwards. The work is done for the most part from the inside of the nostrils; not even a scar is left. Or a nose can be built up by a live-bone graft. Of course, here too, the usual danger of any operation enters in. And a frequent trouble with a nose operation is that often a woman believes that a good nose will transform her, and finds too late that the nose was a part of a facial scheme which shouldn't have been altered.

Bags under the eyes are removed most simply, the plastic surgeons who go in for this sort of thing claim. There is an almost invisible scar—if the operation is successful.

The face lift is the most expensive and certainly the most spectacular angle of the racket. There is the full face lift, similar to the one performed in public, which includes the neck as well as the face. And the plastic surgeon who did the public face lift has not hesitated to perform this same operation on his own wife. There are the "three-way lift" and the "five-way lift," operations which may entail the taking of tucks in a badly sagging face by slicing off several inches of skin, or may, on the other hand, be confined to tiny crescent-shaped incisions.

These face lifts cannot, of course, include the large facial muscles. And even the best surgeons who do this type of plastic operations cannot claim that they are permanent. The face that is pulled up to a tautness which it had years ago is only outwardly the same. The same set of habits will make wrinkles again, as they did before. Besides, the tissues are old. You can raise them but you cannot give them the elasticity of youth.

Face skinning comes next in the beauty racket, as far as expense goes. Like plastic surgery, it is still confined to the larger cities and, to a great extent, to the unethical physician or beauty operator. Face skinning is often done by those who have absolutely no qualifications for so serious a job.

As a legitimate therapeutic treatment, face peeling is being used more and more by the modern dermatologists. It is used when a face is disfigured by disease and sometimes for scars. Dermatologists are using forms of skinning for treating psoriasis, eczema and the dermatophytoses—such fungus infections as ring worm or the so-called "athlete's foot"—and a form of this infects the face, too. These diseases can be reached only by getting under the epidermis to the true skin by the use of coal tar or a salicylic acid and benzoic-acid preparation. These treatments should, of course, be handled only by a dermatologist.

Face skinning as practised in the average beauty parlor is a far different performance. It is frequently done by people who are unskilled—who do not know how or when to peel the face.

The advertising is exaggerated and misleading. Face skinning is disguised under fifty more attractive names. But practically all of the individuals and firms that skin faces make absurd and extravagant promises in their advertising. Only recently an actor gained new publicity by having his face "shrunk," an angle of the face-skin game.

The process of face skinning is quite the same in nearly all cases, though each firm has its own mysterious and marvelous and secret process. A liquid or salve containing salicylic acid, resorcin, zinc paste, ammoniated mercury, phenol, beta naphthol, or one or more of the other strong bleaches or burning agencies or skin removers, is applied to the face. An irritation ensues. After a week or two of discomfort, which may amount to actual pain, the old skin comes off and reveals a new, tender skin.

Great claims are made for the face-peeling method of rejuvenation. The claims include everything from "a face lift without surgery" to "have a skin like a baby's"! In some cases the pain is so agonizing that a deadening drug is necessary. The patient's face during the treatment is nearly always swollen and disfigured, necessitating complete privacy. Sometimes in the end, if no infection results, the appearance is greatly improved for a time at least, since the new skin has apparently drawn up and smoothed out the face. But, alas, in most cases this new skin cannot act permanently as a tight bag for relaxed and aged tissues. Though a person with a new skin must take extraordinary care of it, after a few weeks it is usually back where it was—and sometimes more relaxed and wrinkled than ever.

If you're lucky, you'll look most attractive for a while. If, unfortunately, you have chosen someone unskilled in face skinning—which is a dangerous operation—you may come out of it with a great deal of permanent scar tissue. For most face skinning consists in burning off the outer skin of the face, leaving a new and tender and very raw skin. And face skinning, poorly done, can easily leave the face so scarred that it amounts almost to a deformity. The better class of beauty parlors do not often go in for face skinning, though some of them will send patrons to the face-skinning specialists—on a generous percentage basis—and then deny all responsibility if anything goes wrong.

Face skinning practised by mail is one of the unpleasant ends of the beauty racket. The American Medical Association has received reports from patients suffering from severe skin rashes after using these mail-order skin-peeling remedies. Faces have become swollen and red and the rash has spread to the neck and chest. One well advertised liquid face peeler is a preparation of salicylic acid, which medical authorities say is by no means innocuous and should not be applied without medical advice. The National Better Business Bureau has this to say about it:

> It will not banish freckles or tan. It might remove them temporarily but they will speedily return upon exposure to the elements. Wrinkles are due to varied

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causes. X—— will not banish or in many cases in any way affect wrinkles.

X—— cannot be expected to banish pimples or even to remove them temporarily in many cases. Pimples or acne are due in most cases to constitutional causes which cannot be relieved by local measures. It is well known that practically all children about the age of puberty are afflicted with various facial blemishes, generally described as pimples. Even if X—— did temporarily remove some of these blemishes, they would be expected to return speedily.

X—— is recommended for eczema. Authorities declare that the use of any skin peel or any irritant for acute eczema is distinctly contraindicated.

II

The beauty industry is comparatively new. Thirty-five years ago it was in its infancy—but it proved a precocious child, growing almost incredibly fast.

When the first lipstick in its little paper cylinder appeared, using it was a pretty scandalous thing. There was much whispering. "Do you *actually* think she puts *color* on her *lips!*"

Powder was not quite so immoral. You were better off without it, but sometimes ladies used French chalk before going to an evening's entertainment. If she were being very smart, a belle might even dust the inside of her handkerchief with a bit of white chalk, in case her face grew flushed. Or she might carry a powder puff in her stocking. The vanity case had not appeared. You powdered, if you used powder, in the privacy of the dressing-room. Applying make-up in public was considered about on a par with taking a public shower bath.

The first inkling the average woman had of the beauty racket was when some maiden lady of her acquaintance began selling beauty preparations. Selling creams was a pleasant, genteel occupation. The lady ordered her stock by mail. It was supposedly manufactured by a famous beauty. The fact that the ladies who peddled these creams and lotions were usually homely and worn-looking had little to do with it. Women were beginning to wake up, were getting dissatisfied with their faces. Father Time wasn't being the kindly old gentleman they had pictured him!

Manufacturers began to attack the market through direct mail-order selling and through well planned general advertising campaigns. Drug stores began handling advertised products. The beauty industry grew. Now it is upon us in its full and perfect blossom.

According to the Bureau of Census, manufacturers of perfumes, cosmetics and other toilet preparations have, during the past year, escaped much of the business depression. No matter what the condition of international affairs, beauty must go on. The president of one of the largest manufacturers of cosmetics in America tells me that "the total cosmetic volume is in the neighborhood of seven hundred and fifty million dollars a year." This amount includes money spent for cosmetics and for the services of beauticians in beauty shops. The figures of this expert agree in many details with the Bureau of Census. You may be interested in a cold-cream sale of $35,000,000 a year, $22,000,000 a year for face powders, $10,000,000 for hair tonics, $31,000,000 for dentifrices, $12,000,000 for rouges and lipsticks, $8,000,000 for talcum powders. And if you're the type that wishes more data, 4,000 tons of face powder, 52,000 tons of cleansing cream, 26,000 tons of skin lotion, 19,000 tons of complexion soap, 17,000 tons of nourishing cream, 6,000 tons of bath powder and 2,000 tons of rouge were used last year.

In America, hundreds of thousands of families are being supported by selling beauty. Thousands through the manufacture of the gargantuan amounts of cosmetics. Thousands more through their application. At a recent convention of beauty-shop owners and operators, six thousand registered the first and five thousand the second day. There are, in America alone, over a hundred thousand women who either own beauty shops or operate them for others. Each woman operator averages perhaps ten clients a day. People who like to work with figures tell me that one woman out of every hundred visits a beauty shop every day, and that the average woman spends fifty dollars a year on cosmetics and creams.

Skin peeling and face lifts are only one small side of the beauty racket. Most of the millions it yields in profits are made in safer and more pleasant fields—in beauty parlors, in beauty treatments and massages, in selling creams and lotions. Here is where the most exaggerated claims are made; you may rather wonder, when you find out the contents of the pretty jars and the details of the beauty treatments, just what you get for your money. But, as one beauty expert told me, after all, you buy hope in every jar.

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW.

In a second article, Miss Winslow will discuss the beauty-parlor racket, and will give the chemical analysis of several well known beauty lotions.—THE EDITORS.

The First Blow

Embrace it, though it be
A salt new inland sea;
Make the most of such a pain
As never now can come again.

It is the first, and quenches
Even what it drenches;
Heart, too soon you will outgrow
This unremembered overflow.

You will grow wise, and lose
Black honey from a bruise;
Anticipate this weeping while
The drained, inevitable smile.

MARK VAN DOREN.

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Washington Notes

Blue Days in the White House—The Floundering Democrats—Progressive Bellwethers —Chances of Coalition

BY THE TIME this piece appears in print, Washington will be crowded with members of the new Congress, which assembles on December 7. At least one of the two party caucuses will have been held and the shape of the new House will begin to be apparent. Within the past few days the leading men on both Democratic and Republican sides have already appeared, and the informal conferences that always precede the party caucuses have been in progress. In most cases—there are one or two notable exceptions—the incoming Republicans have visited the White House to confer with the "Chief." There they found a harassed and burdened man, whose hair has grown perceptibly grayer, and the lines in whose face have deepened since Congress adjourned last March.

As for his disposition, reports differ, and this is entirely understandable. Some men who have seen him report that they found him moody and depressed. Others of equal reliability assure me that he is in good spirits, able to smile and apparently feeling very chipper. The truth, I suppose, is that Mr. Hoover, like the rest of us, has his good and his bad days. To some he appears crumpled and depressed, while to others any such description sounds ridiculous. Certainly the poor man has enough to make him moody at times. With the economic depression, the appalling deficit in the Treasury, the necessity for increased taxation, at least eight million unemployed in the country, a Democratic House and a hostile Senate—all on the threshold of the presidential campaign in which he will ask reëlection—there seems ample justification for an absence of jollity and hilarious humor upon the part of the President.

None the less, I think it is a mistake to picture him as a completely dismayed and fuddled person, as some of my Democratic friends have been doing. It is not a true picture and it is an underestimation of the man which may lead them into error. I am told, for example, that the "Chief" is actually relieved that the Democrats are to have control of the House. He thinks, it is said, that this fact presents an opportunity for him to improve his political position, something which would have been impossible were there to be a Republican Speaker. In that event, he would have had responsibility without any power at all. He would be just as helpless to put through an administration program as he will be with a Democratic Speaker.

As the situation now shapes up, the Democrats will have responsibility without power and, to a measurable extent, will be upon the defensive rather than the attacking end—a new position for which they are not well prepared. It will, as I pointed out last week, be generally expected that the Democrats, having gained control, will produce a program and pass it through the House. The reasons why they will not be able to do so are too apparent to require restatement. That some sort of program will be evolved as a result of conferences here and in New York before Congress meets is to be expected, but I know of no one who thinks that harmony on a distinctly Democratic program can be obtained. What will be passed is that part of the progressive program which the Democrats adopt, and the real leadership of House and Senate will rest in progressive hands.

For one thing, the Democrats will not have the necessary majority; for another, they have no clearly outlined national policies. Despite their bluff about "a program of our own," it is a case of their accepting the progressive measures or getting nothing. It is this situation that encourages the White House advisers, counselors and guides. They think that here is a chance for Mr. Hoover to "stand as a bulwark" between the people and bad legislation. Such, at least, is the idea now cherished in Republican circles, an idea which lay behind the remark attributed the other day to Senator Moses of New Hampshire, that he wished the Democrats had the Senate as well as the House.

It may not work out that way at all. Possibly the Democrats and progressives, for mutual advantage, will join hands and, agreeing on essential principles, put through a sound schedule of bills. But this is unlikely. The present Democratic machine is disposed to feel that anything like an open coalition with the progressives would be deleterious to Democratic prospects next year. Such a coalition would, of course, be advisable, but reactionary leaders among the Democrats are so imbued with a fear of what the "Business Interests" might do that already there is a strong disinclination among them to follow progressive lines or coöperate with the progressives. It baffles me how they can achieve anything without coöperation, but, nevertheless, such is their attitude. It is from this futility and confusion that the close friends of Mr. Hoover expect him to profit.

They contend that popular sympathy usually lies with the executive in any controversy with Congress. That body has become more or less of a public scapegoat, on account of the ease and security with which it can be abused by editorial writers. When they haven't anything else in sight, they can always curse Congress. It is the great editorial pastime. If, with the help of the Republican press, the Republican propaganda bureau and White House statements, Mr. Hoover can be built up as a strong, solitary figure valiantly protecting American interests against Treasury raiders and wild legislators, his position might be vastly improved—particularly if the long awaited and badly delayed return to business prosperity is perceptibly under way.

Such, at least, is the Republican hope, and it is along these lines that Mr. Hoover expects to proceed during the session. I am informed by certain of his friends that he rather hopefully looks forward to it. Perhaps, if the Democrats can bring themselves down out of the clouds, can stop regarding Mr. Hoover as a flayed, beaten creature and can appreciate the political possibilities of the role he is prepared to play, the effect may be to produce among them a party discipline now lamentably lacking. It may induce them to make the sort of alliance with the progressives which is indicated by ordinary logic and common political judgment. At present the talk among their leaders is of the necessity for a distinctive Democratic program that will not affront Big Business and not alarm those who shudder

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at the word "dole" and tremble with alarm when the phrase "Power Trust" is used. It will be interesting, I think, to watch the developments among the Democrats. The time will come—and shortly—when they will have to choose between following the progressive lead along lines repugnant to the great banking and holding companies of the East, or being reduced to complete impotency by the reactionary group in charge of their political machinery, between whom and the Old Guard type of Republican there is no real difference. If the latter is their choice, then it seems to me that the hopefulness of Mr. Hoover is not so ridiculous as it may otherwise appear.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Hamlet

Hamlet. Broadhurst Theatre, November 5, 1931.

MR. CHARLES BAYLY in Theatre Arts Monthly not long ago concluded a singularly direct and brilliant article on the bullfight with a quotation from a Mexican newspaper report:

> Carmelo maintained the interest of his admirers, although he encompassed no memorable feat during his brief appearance. He does not improve greatly. In him are not realized the rapid and disconcerting advances in skill that have been seen in others who have risen to the front rank. . . . With his third *quite* he drew applause. It consisted of a very smooth *veronica,* followed by a *gaonera* that was acceptable and two that were superior, really moving. But . . . they were brusque and too rapid, though they had force, courage and genuine emotion. He ended with a superb profile. Carmelo arouses the most extreme emotion, but fundamentally he has not the quality of greatness. He is capable of extraordinary moments and to amateurs he is a marvel. . . .

This is an ordinary newspaper criticism of a bullfight; it is intended for every kind of reader down to the lowest peon, provided he can read. What such an attitude in public, press and the theatre itself would do to our stage we will not take up here. The point is what it would do to Mr. Raymond Massey as Hamlet. If as a matador Mr. Massey approached the bull with such an equipment as he brings to Shakespeare, we should have of course only a funeral notice; but the case is different.

We all know that the play depends at least 50 percent on Hamlet, the central character, and that the role has always been considered actor-proof. Mr. Massey's intention was in line with that of the performance in general, under Mr. Geddes' direction: to bring the play as close as possible to the modern theatrical approach and understanding. The aim was a certain degree of realism, a natural version so far as was sympathetic to the play. Mr. Massey is an actor with a physique that is slight, a voice with little volume and small range, trained to nothing beyond the diverse variations of personal feeling, and poorly adapted or calculated to the theatre in which he was using it. His diction lacks all distinction. His gesture is abrupt and without all line. His attack on the infinitely varied moods and speeches provided for Hamlet is monotonous in the extreme, a few passages like the "angels and ministers of grace" excepted. The costume assigned him was trying for such a figure, that black-woolen-shirt effect with the black tights. In it the look of asceticism that might have saved the role though falsifying it did not ensue; the effect was most unrobust, as it were, to put it sweetly. What would be described as a modern quality—if it came off—amounted to rendering the part as we might be thought to feel it now, a procedure from self, a sort of direct analysis not so much of Hamlet as of what you think, making the role analyze you, not presenting anything save as yourself and your feelings. In a sense this is true of all acting: Mounet-Sully, for example, in Oedipus was presenting himself, but transmuted. But the whole effect of Mr. Massey's labors is more personal, centrifugal and insistent. We can grant his attitude. The task that remains for him as the actor is to dominate the qualities in Shakespeare's matter, making them his own, and to create unity for the entire sum of the role, plus the right technical reading. Mr. Massey has no idea how to read blank verse. It is not a question either of making it sound natural, not like itself, that is, or of speed. You can *act* either rapidity or slowness; neither is an actuality but rather an effect got through stresses, pauses, consonants, and so on, plus energy. You can read verse as fast as you like, provided you detect the sense stress, which in good verse coincides with the metrical stress, and provided you think such a matter important, compared to the way you feel at ten o'clock or four o'clock or whenever you feel that you are feeling.

In the crocodile Ossa speech at the grave of Ophelia, the high point in the baroque excitement of the poet's style, following the native Gothicism of the grave-diggers, Mr. Massey most exhibited his inadequacy. Nothing but a nervous upset seemed to be expressed. As a matter of fact, this Hamlet of Mr. Massey's is not worth discussing, save as a representative point of view. His approach to Shakespeare reminds me of a line in Pausanias: Alcander, not liking the laws the great Lycurgus made, knocked out one of his eyes.

Miss Celia Johnson as Ophelia suggested a young lady from Lord and Taylor's, dress and permanent wave, with no tragedy and little distinctness, and with so many of Ophelia's most biting lines omitted that all the texture of the part was gone. Her English, also, however suited to drawing-room comedy, fell out of Shakespeare as fast as it was uttered, *opp* for *up, bot* for *but, shot* for *shut,* and so on, made you think of such speech as that of the Terrys, Miss Haidee Wright, Miss Lohr, Mr. Philip Merivale and others in whom the tradition of English survives on our stage. Miss Mary Servoss as the Queen read her lines better than most of the company. Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston made too many faces while he was about it, but was a fair Laertes, a role built on a sort of warm athleticism. Mr. John Daly Murphy's Polonius had some passages that if humble and shaggy were highly creditable. Of Mr. Leon Quartermaine's Horatio—a role built on that philosophy which according to Milton is musical as is Apollo's lute—all one can say is that it has a kind of boy-scout patience in the waiting and a great many *s*'s in the diction; in spite of its fine classical ancestry, Pylades and the rest, it was astonishingly flat.

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To say that Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes has made a version of "Hamlet" that is exceptionally short would be misleading. You need only to have read Garrick's version—not to speak of that great actor's changes in story and arrangement—or those of Kemble, Fechter or Booth, to see how much Mr. Geddes has left. His version might seem short to some of the audience because, in the first place, of the speed and bustle with which the scenes were put through. In the second place, Mr. Massey, by his inability to score the accents in both verse and motivations, and his failure to register contemplation or thought, gave us none of the time-sense that goes with dramatic progression and philosophic content. For the same reason more than through any contrivance of Mr. Geddes', the play itself was forced toward an effect of action rather than one of moody habit.

I think the point of interpretation on which I should most disagree with Mr. Geddes is the famous scene with Polonius, Ophelia and Laertes, before the departure for France. The trouble begins with the conception of Polonius as a sort of East Side old man with a scraggling beard and no dignity. Polonius is anything but that. He is a bearded, worldly patriarch, richly entrenched in a court position, full of policy and concessions, windy with the right platitude and culture. It is this wall of such qualities that sends Hamlet into bursts of mockery and helpless rage and drives further in on him his own solitude. Otherwise in many of Hamlet's speeches we should have only unpleasant and rude reactions from the prince toward the aged counsellor, an impression which, in fact, was produced by Mr. Massey. Taking Polonius thus, then, as an absurd old fool, without dignity or prestige, Mr. Geddes brings him to the scene with Miss Johnson's Ophelia. Laertes advises his sister as to her situation with a royal lover, Polonius makes the familiar long speech of maxims and advice, Laertes departs, and Polonius roundly states what his daughter's behavior with the prince is to be. As the scene goes now, we see Ophelia restless under her brother's lecture, and when Laertes in his turn gets a lecture we see her snickering with delight behind her father's back.

Such an interpretation throws everything out of whack. Historically the scene is an example of the beloved sententious declamation of the Greeks and the Renaissance. But we let that pass. Dramatically the scene looks both ways in the play: the relation of Hamlet's story to these three people. The essential tragedy of the scene for Ophelia is that she is a lonely girl, perplexed, in love, and now snowed under with elocution and male management and platitude; all her later pathos lies implied in this scene. If she were the sort who could titter at this particular moment—modern as that might be in intention—she would very likely be capable enough of taking care of herself later on. The whole interpretation here is one of misplaced aim; it is hard enough to find out what a thing is, without trying from the start to make it what it isn't.

The climactic scene where Hamlet discovers the King at prayer, debates whether or not he shall kill him then, and decides at last to wait for another time, was effectively arranged with the King kneeling high up somewhere above the center of those dim platforms of Mr. Geddes' stage, his red garment showing beyond the cross to which he knelt. Then suddenly, when he prostrated himself, Hamlet was seen, the black figure of him, threateningly behind the red. What is lacking here is a chance for us to wonder what Hamlet will or will not do. Seeing him so suddenly as that is an effective rather than a deep contrivance. I never saw a better instance of what is good theatrically but dramatically bad. Shakespeare does not spring Hamlet on us, but has him enter.

The scene of Ophelia's burial, the grave-diggers, the court, Hamlet and Laertes, and so on, came off least successfully of all the chief sections of the play; the pageantry seemed trivial and it lost time, a time which, by the way, might have been employed for bringing in Fortinbras at the very last, instead of ending with Hamlet's death and so turning the drama toward lyricism: the history of a brooding young man, not the full tragedy of the inner and outer life that the play essentially is.

In the midst, however, of these critical items, it is all too easy to lose sight of the main facts, which are that an artist of the theatre has undertaken to restate with modern appeal a vast complex masterpiece of the Renaissance, that he had no trained school of acting to draw from, that several years and a wide cöoperation only could hope for a passably complete result in unity, taste, and so on, and that, as the production of "Hamlet" stands at present, there are a number of scenes which come off remarkably.

The finest and most richly complete of all these are the ghost scenes at the beginning of the play. The lighting, the stage-forms, the positions of the actors in relation to the dramatic motive at every instant, achieve a magnificence that I have never seen in any other production of Shakespeare, a profound and consuming magnificence in all the elements that go to make up a moment in the theatre art. This leads me to say that in such scenes as these at the beginning of "Hamlet," it is a grave mistake to speak of Mr. Geddes as notable on the visual side of the theatre art, implying that the directing of the scenes is a separate function. No. A part of the supremacy in the scenes consists in the fact that you could not have designed the action, the positions and movements, and directed the dialogue, without designing the setting itself and the lighting at the same time. All these together make here one organic texture, entirely consummate and unequaled in our theatre.

STARK YOUNG.

Goût Américain, Demi-Sec

THERE *is an American Style. It is on view at the* Twelfth Exhibition of Contemporary American Industrial Art in the Metropolitan Museum. (Do not be afraid: the catalogue says that "the type of design shown in this exhibition may be compared to words in the mouth of the people" . . . and, unless we much mistake, these are quite common old-fashioned words of yours which the Metropolitan has crystallized here—words like "genteel," "cunning," "cozy," "ornamental," "discreetly elegant," with here and there a "sumptuous but tasteful," or an "expensive-looking but oh, how refined.")

If an open space in the middle of a room makes you want to run upstairs and get a wrap; if three feet of bare wall remind you of just the thing to hang in the middle of it; if you wonder what on earth one would do all day

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long in a Le Corbusier house; if all things Modern are associated in your mind with something vague, brutal and Bolshevik; and if you want to give your timid spinster great-aunt something she'd really like for Christmas—by all means go up to the Metropolitan and be comforted.

But perhaps you are not one of these. Perhaps, even, you are one of the people who have been steadfastly throwing things away for the past decade or more. Perhaps you had hoped to throw out more things if they ever got around to manufacturing decent, usable houses and chairs and tables and tableware and pottery and textiles. Perhaps you take pleasure in clear colors and handsome materials and simple, rhythmic, uncluttered forms, and have wondered why it is so hard to find such qualities on the market today. But, having seen here and there some evidence of clarification among the jumbled showings of imported Modernism—a piece of Swedish glass or a length of French fabric or a photograph of a German house—you may have hopefully believed that successive experiment would eventually work itself out into a fresh and satisfactory norm—a new sort of reality which, if necessary, could honestly be called a style.

Alas for you, then, if that's what you are. For there is less of what you want in the Twelfth Exhibition of Contemporary American Industrial Art than in any five-and-ten or bargain-basement. And (if you go) you won't be quite able to laugh it off as merely somebody's temporary lapse. There is a smug, settled, triumphant look about the place. Everything matches everything else. And everything matches the things you happily threw out fifteen years ago.

The "modernistic" flourish is applied at exactly the same angle and to exactly the same effect as was the outworn cliché. The forms remain unchanged. The difference between Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes' carved and inlaid radio cabinets and the lower sort of "period" adaptation is imperceptible, except that the former has ingeniously added a little piece of silk over the opening stamped to look like carved wood! The plaster bas-reliefs to be inserted into wall and ceiling are merely more likely to bulge into abstractions than roses. The old fly-speck and spider-web pattern that gave you nightmares when you had the measles is now baked into bathroom tiles instead of being left to mingle with the water spots on the back-bedroom ceiling. The lotus-bud floor lamp is chromium instead of brass. There is even a Rogers Group brought approximately up to date, and a four-color landscape done in glazed tile. And cut-glass bowls like non-tip spittoons, with gashes half an inch deep. And a whole show case full of fringes and beaded tassels.

Every available inch of surface is covered with writhings and angles and dots and flower motifs. The wall-plaques (you remember?) have little knobs like shells stuck in all round. The mustard, mildewed-raspberry and dun-colored curtains are opulent with reverse curves and quaint conceits (three pairs, no doubt, to each window). An ensemble of bathroom materials has three quite different kinds of all-over pattern embalmed in shower curtain and tile.

Here and there, of course, are a very few items which would be passable enough were they not swallowed up by the rest of the show: an adaptation of a Morris chair by Gilbert Rohde; a thoroughly impractical but handsome piece of white cloth on a Frankl chair; some charming Fostoria glass; a steel and pigskin chair by Lescaze (which would be much more convincing without soft little sausages on the arms); one length of gay cotton material. . . . And that is about all. And that is nothing.

For the rest, dust and ashes. Dust and ashes and bibelots and bibulous betasselment. Not very neat and (but for the refined dingy colors) unmistakably gaudy. Every gilded dot, every knobby fringe, every restless spiral, is a monument to the infinite capacity for unnecessary and joyless consumption. The more Art, the more Things to be owned and dusted. The pale corseted lady, swishing, tinkling past the draperies, caresses with her cloth now this encrusted plaque, now that porcelain curio—thinking: This is mine. I am this. How comforting, how reassuring . . . the times are so uncertain.

CATHERINE K. BAUER.

CORRESPONDENCE

A New Use for the Dead

SIR: A book has been sent to me called "Let Us In," by Jane Revere Burke. It is made up of what are known as psychic communications from the late William James. I happen to have talked with James about certain of the ideas suggested in this book and some of them represent my own ideas and beliefs. But I happen to know that those of them which are most emphasized in the book were not merely foreign to James; they were repugnant to him.

Apparently one use of such séances as these books describe is to get a reader's attention to certain familiar theories by fathering the theories with distinguished men who are dead and cannot answer.

It will be said that the authors of this book are innocent: "They have not thought of this side of the question." Well, I call their attention to it.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

New York City.

Munsoniana

SIR: While saluting Malcolm Cowley's very graceful reminiscences of dead lives, please let me ask for a gentler version of our collaboration with Gorham Munson in the Secession venture [The New Republic, October 21]. The suggestion that we decided to make use of Munson "as a sort of white shirt-front" is, I think, misleading. Though I am not credited with joint authorship of the plan, I was at one time co-editor with Munson, and thus might seem to be involved. So I should like to avoid the possibility of a misunderstanding on this point. Unlike Cowley and Josephson, I was consorting with Munson daily; accordingly, in my case, such a scheme would damn, not the schemed against, but the schemer. Though we haggled on a great many points, we collaborated for the simple reason that, at the time, we held some of our major literary interests in common. Then again: Cowley should give Munson ample credit for his fostering of the busy little sheet, which kept many of us in a pleasant state of excitement for months, and printed much lively material (advt.) in its scant pages. And lastly, I think we should all go down together, and regret to see Munson selected for undue favors. As bad a case could be made out for any one of us.

With these exceptions, Cowley's articles have surely been a very accurate regiving of that tempest-in-a-teapot era—and in reading them I yearn anew for a kind of irresponsibility and bohemianism which he makes appealing in the very act of bidding it goodbye.

New York City. KENNETH BURKE.

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An Economic Interpretation of Navies

SIR: With his usual brilliance, Mr. Charles Beard, in The New Republic of October 14, warns the contestants in the coming armament conference, only to fall into some shadowy thinking on his own part. In a writer of less ability, the uncomplimentary remark about the Marxists could easily be passed over, but in a man of Mr. Beard's standing, the comment is due either to loose thinking or downright dishonesty of purpose. His remark that the Marxists could learn a lesson from the supposed fact that Germany's big-navy policy was not the result of historic materialism but due to the presence of a certain von Tirpitz is not borne out by his further comments. Now what did this von Tirpitz do? Out of a clear sky, so to speak, he evolved the idea of a big navy. And how did he get this idea accepted? Simply by the propaganda that big navies pay. Now two facts are patent: first, that Germany had a navy already; second, that there was an economic need for that navy and its further expansion. Can Mr. Beard imagine a navy if German imperialism did not demand it? Can he imagine its expansion even by von Tirpitz if it did not pay? Does Mr. Beard forget that the von Tirpitzes and Shearers are themselves the product of the economic conditions surrounding them, and their machinations are made possible by the existing economic conditions? Furthermore, Mr. Beard himself tells of the expansion of the English navy due to her expanding economic imperialism. Did England also immaculately conceive her big-navy idea? And how about the United States? Mr. Beard would have us believe that the Marxists are wrong, but goes on to explain the economic forces working toward a big navy. What's more, after such few brilliant lines, he sums up the paragraph with the following: "Perhaps never in history was a more fateful decision made by directing statesmen." By statesmen indeed! That's downright bunk, this detachment of economic forces from the facts and placing fate in the hands of statesmen. Indeed, Mr. Beard's brilliant analysis and statement of facts, followed by wrong conclusions, reminds me of the Wickersham Report on Prohibition.

Washington, D. C. KARL GERBER.

SIR: Mr. Gerber takes a position quite common among Marxians and other Tories, namely, an opponent either cannot think or is downright dishonest; but that is a detail. Here is the inwardness of the situation as I see it. If big navalism flowed inexorably out of economic conditions in Germany, why did it not flow out of similar conditions in France? France possessed an empire bigger than that of Germany, had a large overseas trade, and certainly had an ostensible "need" for a battleship navy. But French statesmen had insight enough to avoid a battleship rivalry with Great Britain. German statesmen did not have that insight and were blown up for their pains. Mr. Gerber evidently thinks that there are no choices in the world. Philosophically speaking, he may be right, but nobody operates on that theory. If I were compelled by necessity to write as I did, how then could I be downright dishonest?

Water is not dishonest when it runs down hill. Mr. Gerber is not a true Marxian when he allows for moral choice. If the bystander wishes to render a fair judgment, he would do well to read my original statement and see for himself exactly how it is phrased.

New Milford, Conn. CHARLES A. BEARD.

You Don't Gotta

SIR: God bless Chester T. Crowell for "You Don't Gotta"! Here for years I've been considered queer for being a "Don't Gotta" person, and now I find I'm in good company. Let's form a club.

Chester doesn't know a thing about beating the furniture racket. I've kept house for twelve years and have had three sets of furniture and all three together have cost no more than $300. And I've sold two of them for more than they cost. I scouted in Brooklyn second-hand stores for the first set. Cost—$87. With five dollars worth of paint we made that clean and gay and used it for two years. Then, when we moved to Florida I sold most of it for $110.

I have withstood the ice-box racket. Several years ago, when landlords were brazenly raising the rents $15 and $20 per month for installing electric ice-boxes, I refused one. I am the only one of thirty tenants to be so lowly as to patronize the ice-man. My small daughter has felt a bit of social stigma on this account. And now, behold! With the depression and all, the landlord offers to put one in at no advance of rental but a reduction of the old. I suppose he has finally decided to discourage "queerness."

And I have no radio. When a saccharine voice called me on the phone the other day with, "Good morning, Mrs. Ward! We wanted to ask you how you enjoyed our Old Home Folks program that was on the air at 8.15 last evening?" I gulped a lot of fresh breath and said: "I do not have a radio. I'm quite sure I should have loathed your Old Folks program if I had heard it; and I consider you exceedingly impertinent for taking up my time with such a fool question!"

I heard the lady gasp, and I only hope she fainted and fell off her chair and broke her leg.

Let's form that club. I'll be treasurer.

New York City. STELLA CROSSLEY WARD.

The Death of Forel

SIR: A recent issue of the Moscow Izvestia, referring to the death on July 27 of August Forel, celebrated Swiss sexologist, psychiatrist and entomologist, author of the world-famous book, "The Sexual Question," reveals details of Forel's life which afford a curious commentary on the fate of an independent scientist in bourgeois society. Forel's contributions to medical science, psychiatry and entomology are well attested in his correspondence with the foremost contemporary scientists, as well as in Havelock Ellis' voluminous and authoritative "Psychology of Sex."

Forel, however, lacked the virtue which capitalist society so painstakingly fosters and glorifies in scientists—the virtue of political muteness or ignorance. He was outspoken in his enthusiasm about the Bolshevik revolution and in his condemnation of Fascism, capitalist exploitation and religion. His feelings about the reactionary role of religion in contemporary civilization even led him to organize an anti-religious society in Switzerland.

These divagations doomed the foremost sexologist in this most sex-conscious age to poverty, oblivion and complete helplessness in the last few years of his life, when he suffered from the direst organic afflictions. An idea of Forel's circumstances may be gleaned from the following circular letter which, unable to afford the services of a secretary, he was compelled to print in response to the numerous queries he was receiving from all parts of the world:

> I was 81 years old in 1929. As my afflictions—paralysis of the right arm, impairment of speech, sight, hearing, etc.—are spreading and multiplying, I cannot continue the practise of medicine.
>
> My difficult pecuniary position is aggravated by a series of unfortunate circumstances. I have no secretary at present and can scarcely answer the countless queries which keep pouring in to me. For this reason I am unable to answer your letter and suggest that you write to somebody else. To me you may write only in the event of great emergency.

However, when Forel received an invitation to attend an anti-Fascist congress in 1929, he deleted the last paragraph from his circular letter, in lieu of which he substituted a few words, written with an unsteady hand, saying that he was "heartily in sympathy" with the movement against Fascism.

The failure of the liberal American periodicals to note the death of Forel and his important scientific contributions to sexology while affording space to sensational advertisements of new books whose outstanding contribution to sexual education appears to be limited to descriptions of the mechanics of coitus, is a curious illustration of the Marxian thesis regarding the interrelationship of individualism and philistinism.

Bronx, New York. BESSIE WEISSMAN.

[Miss Weissman's final paragraph is unfair, in so far as it refers to The New Republic, in view of the fact that it is not our policy to publish obituary articles except on the rarest occasions.—THE EDITORS.]

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Roosevelt: 12 Years After

Theodore Roosevelt, by Henry Pringle. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 627 pages. $5.

ON JANUARY 6, 1919, Roosevelt died—and is it too much to say that the "moral" age in American politics died with him? For ten years thereafter the memory of the looming teeth, the impetuous "By George," the emphatic "I've done nothing that wasn't absolutely right and proper," continued to bemuse the commentator. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, Charles Willis Thompson and Owen Wister, all of whom wrote from close acquaintance, were blinded by the remembered brilliance of the sun itself. Hermann Hagedorn suffered, and still does, from the delayed adolescence acquired from the Roosevelt of Spanish War days. Lord Charnwood's biography, representing the English point of view, sounded as if it had been written by the British Press Bureau—as indeed, in a way, it was. But at the end of a decade a change for the more wholesomely astringent was felt. Thomas Beer, in his "Hanna," sniffed about teeth and spectacles like a cat inspecting a new house—and objectivity was thereby born. In his autobiography Lincoln Steffens waved away the myth that had grown up about T. R. as a police commissioner. With the best will in the world, Steffens still could not avoid giving the impression that Roosevelt's accomplishment in Mulberry Street was mainly pictorial—a faint prefiguration of Smedley Butler's adventures among Philadelphia's vice rings. And Walter Millis, in "The Martial Spirit," uttered some second thoughts about Las Guasimas which should have occurred to others long before.

All this was preliminary. The first attempt to give Roosevelt in sum was Walter McCaleb's. His biography was excellent for two reasons: it attempted to tell the truth about the Panama Canal steal (which is told anew by Mr. Pringle), and it set forth the facts about the panic of 1907, in which Roosevelt, who admitted he knew nothing about economics, was played for a sucker by Gary and Frick; their representations resulted in the swallowing by United States Steel of its biggest rival, the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. When Dr. McCaleb came to the war years he was himself blinded by the sun; and his book dissolved into dubious rhetoric. But in any case, he deserves the credit due to a pioneer.

Mr. Pringle also pioneers. Like Dr. McCaleb, he has gone to the sources. He has had benefit of all the Roosevelt correspondence before 1909. His biography is amazingly complete and—though the faithful will deny it—impartial. There is no timidity, no jaundiced view. Provided certain annotations—as shall hereinafter be indicated—are made on Mr. Pringle's margins, the book will replace all other biographies until a new one is written with benefit of disclosures concerning Roosevelt's later career.

Mr. Pringle doesn't play judge. But he does display material in a way that is equivalent to charging the jury; one cannot read the book and remain a Roosevelt idolater, or—if one warms to wistfulness—a Roosevelt hater. The characteristics that Gamaliel Bradford has distilled into one of his "psychographs" emerge in Mr. Pringle's pages in the form of particularizing detail. We experience Roosevelt's physical courage, his romanticizing of the wilderness, his admiration for soldiers (Cromwell, Moltke), his love of war for its own sake, his family affections, his childlikeness (which Mr. Pringle presents as the motif of eternal adolescence), his humor, his social charm, his bullying, his willingness to call a man guilty before he had been proved guilty, his wistfulness and, finally, his lack of inwardness. But more than any of these characteristics, what emerges from Mr. Pringle's pages is the Rooseveltian inability to think a thing through. Roosevelt was always quicksilver to the touch—and one can only sympathize with La Follette's unwillingness to commit the Progressive cause in 1912 to such an unpredictable man. For Roosevelt was the complete rationalizer, willing at any time to contradict himself, by word or deed, if by contradiction he could further his career.

His friends will be quick to say, "No, no." But there are at least seven major issues on which he shifted ground at the precise moment when his career was involved. He became a Progressive when the Republican party threatened to become Progressive—but it should not be forgotten that he fought La Follette in Wisconsin in 1904. He reversed himself on free trade early in his career, although he never had a real conviction on the tariff. His attitude, when President, was "Let Taft change the tariff when I'm gone"; but when Taft compromised Roosevelt lapsed into an unholy rage. He denounced the "corrupt" Blaine, but when Blaine was nominated, in 1884, the willing worker in the vineyard decided that Cleveland, the friend of civil-service reform, was the real instrument of Satan. And when Blaine became Harrison's Secretary of State, Roosevelt was quite willing to play up to him for a job.

Again, though Roosevelt admitted that he was an economic agnostic, and gloried in being friend to the frontiersman, he was willing to echo his smart friends in denunciation of Bryan. Free silver might have been a nostrum (and the discovery of the cyanide process for extracting gold cheaply from ore makes it seem so in retrospect), but deflation had meant grinding poverty for the sons of the frontier—a fact which Roosevelt never came to appreciate. Again, on labor, the Progressive knight showed himself to have no grasp of the situation. His decisions as an Albany assemblyman were those of a young Knickerbocker stepped out of Mrs. Wharton's "Age of Innocence." He opposed a bill in 1882 requiring New York City and Buffalo to pay laborers $2 a day. At a later period he made the statement that if he instead of Wilson had been President he would not have signed the Adamson eight-hour bill. Dr. McCaleb suggests it may have been the Wilson-hater speaking here. Yet Roosevelt could always take a high moral tone; he repeatedly showed himself to be on the side of righteousness, if not of humanity. But even in the matter of morality, expediency altered cases. The young Governor of New York State temporized on the Erie Canal frauds. As President, Roosevelt was willing to use party machinery to dictate Taft's nomination, yet in 1912 he called Elihu Root a thief for exercising the same prerogative in throwing out Roosevelt delegates. When John Hay negotiated the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, Roosevelt didn't like it, and argued that a government had the right to abrogate a treaty in a "solemn and official manner." But when Colombia refused to accept the Hay-Herran treaty, Roosevelt quickly doubled on his tracks and denounced the Bogotà "dagoes," as he called them, for "breach of faith." And as for arbitration, he could urge it at Christiania before the Nobel Prize committee in 1910, and later denounce Taft for suggesting a treaty for arbitration with France. Perhaps the most damaging giveaway of Roosevelt's pretensions to morality involved the invasion of Belgium. Mr. Pringle does as convincing a job of showing his early vacillation on the German "right" to invade a neutral country as Mencken did in "Roosevelt, an Autopsy"—and well might Roosevelt vacillate, in

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view of his own "ethical" trampling of Colombia in 1903!

All the chopping and changing, the roaring invocations to morality, the sudden descents to political bargaining, simply prove to me that Roosevelt was a surface swimmer — not so brave a man as Cleveland, and neither so honest as Boies Penrose on the one hand, nor as La Follette on the other. He was, it is clear from Mr. Pringle's book (as from all others), the perfect *representative* of the middle class of pre-war America. His class philosophy, however, was inchoate—in no way so clearly formulated as La Follette's. Indeed, on the score of possessing an articulate middle-class, democratic philosophy, La Follette deserved to be the leader of the middle-class movement. But the most conspicuous attribute of the middle class of 1900-1909 was its confusion: it had delusions about rising into the plutocracy, and yet it feared being forced into the ranks of labor. It wanted to curb the trusts, yet it wanted to leave an opening at the top—the good old American right to succeed! Therefore it was in the dilemma of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. La Follette saw this, Lincoln Steffens saw this, and both labored to make clear the vitiating nature of the desire and the fear. But Roosevelt perfectly represented the confusion, as his attitude toward the trusts shows. Mr. Dooley summed it up when he put words into Roosevelt's mouth:

> "Th' thrusts," says he, "are heejous monsthers built up be th' enlightened intherprize iv th' men that have done so much to advance progress in our beloved country," he says. "On wan hand I wud stamp thim unher fut; on th' other hand, not so fast."

The result of equivocation on Roosevelt's part, and on the part of those he represented, is that the middle sort of man now finds himself, more than ever, between the upper Fascist millstone and the nether stone of Communism. Had La Follette's view been heeded, had industrial development been halted at the single corporation, had the *combination of corporations* been prevented in John Sherman's time, or in Roosevelt's, the dream of a middle-class democracy of farmers and shopkeepers and manufacturers, all obeying the laws of trade formulated at Manchester, might have been made a reality.

To turn to the accomplishments of the Roosevelt reign, what did they amount to? There was the matter of forcing England and Germany to back down in Venezuela. Mr. Pringle thinks that Roosevelt exaggerated his use of the "big stick" in his autobiography. There were the "taking" of Panama and the beginning of a canal. There was the Moroccan crisis, in which Roosevelt, through Henry White, helped France to complete the encirclement of Germany which led to the Great War. The coal-strike compromise of 1902 was undoubtedly a feather in the Rough Rider's hat yet, after all, it merely settled *one* coal dispute—as Harlan County and bituminous and anthracite Pennsylvania are still with us to testify. The Elkins Rebate Law was good, but the Hepburn Rate Bill—as La Follette shows with pitiless logic in his autobiography—contained a bushel of chaff and little wheat. In reality, the Hepburn Act was a victory for Nelson Aldrich, since it made no provision for valuation of railroad property (without which no just rates could be fixed), and the provision for so-called "broad court" review of I. C. C. decisions played into the very hands of the judges whose decisions Roosevelt wanted to be made subject to "recall" in 1912. (In Wilson's day these matters took a turn for the better.) Conservation and pure-food legislation were the great Roosevelt accomplishments. One might also include the appointment of Justice Holmes to the Supreme Court and the creation of the Department of Commerce and Labor.

But didn't T. R. do *something* about certain particular trusts? According to La Follette, there were 149 trusts in 1900, representing four billion dollars in approximate capitalization. When Roosevelt went out of office, there were 10,020 trusts, with a capitalization of virtually thirty-one billion dollars, 70 percent of which was estimated as pure water. And Roosevelt was only nominally victorious in the Northern Securities case by which he set such store. Mr. Pringle has overlooked this, but the dissolution decree did not by any means restore competition between the two Northwestern railroads. As Charles G. Dawes explained to Gilson Gardner (see Current History for August, 1931), the decree of the Supreme Court had been phrased so that the bond issue floated against the two companies remained intact. Dawes compared the issue to a stepladder with one leg in one road and the other in another road. And Philander C. Knox, Roosevelt's "cracker-jack" Attorney General, had permitted the decree to be so written. The ultimate dissolution of oil and tobacco trusts was to come in Taft's time, but the letter has been more altered than the spirit, and the results have been barren.

The excellencies of Mr. Pringle's work derive from his painting his subject complete. There are, however, minor defects. Mr. Pringle makes a curious slip when he refers to Senator George F. Hoar of *Maine*. Hoar, a leading anti-imperialist in the Philippine fight, was from Massachusetts. In the matter of the fight at Las Guasimas, Mr. Pringle says nothing about its being insubordination on the part of Roosevelt, Wood and "Fighting Joe" Wheeler—a charge made by Walter Millis in "The Martial Spirit." Nor has Mr. Pringle displayed the full complicity of Lodge and Roosevelt in sending Dewey to Manila. The fact that we have the Philippines today may be laid, for better or worse, to Roosevelt's work as Assistant Secretary of the Navy—and it was work undertaken without consultation with Secretary Long, who was horrified by Roosevelt's activity whenever the department was left, momentarily, in charge of the fire-eating young assistant. The cream of the jest in the Panama tangle is, likewise, missed by Mr. Pringle: it is that the rights of the French company, for which we paid $40,000,000, were about to lapse anyway.

The failure to tell the whole Northern Securities story has been noted. Mr. Pringle has been remiss, too, in the story of the franchise tax, passed when Roosevelt was Governor of New York. He might consult Justice Ford, author of the original tax bill, on this. The Bull Moose and World War sections of the biography are lacking in documentation, a fact easily understood when one realizes that the letters written after 1909 have not been made completely available. But Mr. Pringle might have read Gilson Gardner's manuscript dealing with the Progressive fight. If he has done so, he gives no indication of it. He might, also, have attempted to unlock Bainbridge Colby's safe, and to smoke out the reasons leading to Roosevelt's decision to throw down the Bull Moose in 1916 and back Hughes.

A final estimate of Roosevelt, I think, will be that expressed by Senator Aldrich: he was the greatest politician of his time. Not, mind you, the greatest statesman. And neither Mr. Pringle nor anyone else has succeeded in endowing Roosevelt with economic sense; the judgment of Gardner, that he kept himself an economic moron in order to remain in politics, must stand. So let him rest—as a great politician and an astounding character. But what an ironic role to be played by a moralist!

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

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Transgressors

A Calendar of Sin, by Evelyn Scott. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. Two volumes. $5.

WITH "A Calendar of Sin," Miss Scott brings down to 1914 her fictional record of American life. In "Migrations" she recorded the centrifugal movement of the fifties, and in "The Wave" the Civil War; the new book stretches from the Reconstruction to the eve of the Sarajevo murder. There is no mistaking the grandeur of this whole project, and it is all the more surprising and gratifying because in such early work as "The Narrow House" Miss Scott showed a preference for the treatment of minute and more or less marginal fragments of experience. In these three related novels she emerges as the most ambitious of our contemporary writers, deeply and fruitfully concerned with central elements in the life of America.

In view of her desire to reflect, through the presentation of individuals, the bases of American character and culture, it is perhaps a pity that she found it impossible to keep to her original plan of including in "A Calendar of Sin" "no mere adumbration of the financial drama." Surely this would have been in keeping with her design for the work as a whole, for, if westward movement is the key to the period from 1850 to 1860, and war was the key to the period from 1860 to 1865, big business in the central phenomenon in the decades from Appomattox to Verdun. The occasional but very effective references, in the book as it stands, to industrial and financial developments suggest how well Miss Scott might have carried out her project and make us regret that she found it beyond her scope.

But we must accept the book for what it is, and must grant, even while we regret her inability to deal with both love and hunger, that she has done very well by love. The theme of the book is, in a phrase, sexual maladjustment. The most prominent characters are three generations of the George family of Mimms, Tennessee, a family that figured largely in "Migrations" and briefly in "The Wave." Linked with them are the Dolans of Odessa, Indiana. The two families touch, of course, many others, and the cast of characters includes thirty-five or forty principals. Each individual is, in one way or another, the victim of his sexual impulses, not because those impulses are necessarily destructive, but because ignorance and prejudice have made them so. The novel, though presumably this was not Miss Scott's primary intention, is a terrifying indictment of the American attitude toward sex, as that attitude descended from generation to generation in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

The method of "A Calendar of Sin" is substantially that of its predecessors: a great many episodes, each presented from the point of view of a single person. But the different episodes are held together by family relationships and the linking of various plots, not, as in "The Wave," merely by the sweep of nationwide movements. As a result the book is easier to follow than either "Migrations" or "The Wave," and has more claim to popularity. It may, however, be doubted whether it is a better book than "The Wave." Fewer episodes are rich in poetic insight; a certain amount of effort is wasted in keeping the machinery going; the chronological sweep prevents that fullness of documentation in terms of emotional response that is the chief virtue of the earlier book. Yet, whatever its relative merits, "A Calendar of Sin" is one of the few recent books of which we have reason to be proud. Uneven it was bound to be, but in many passages it shows an understanding of character that ranks Miss Scott with the best of our novelists, and as a whole it displays a perception of the relation between character and social forces that only John Dos Passos has equaled in our time and our country.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

An American Myth

The Five Seasons, by Phelps Putnam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 66 pages. $2.

PHELPS PUTNAM'S second book introduces an American myth, Bill Williams. There were glimpses of Bill in "Trinc," but in this new book he is made the official spokesman of the author, the hero of ten poems which are prefaced with ten paragraphs of prose, each explaining Bill's habits and attitudes. This is a charming device and, on the whole, an effective one.

I believe that the general picture of Bill Williams is far more interesting than any one poem in the collection. He is the sort of person of whom tall stories are told, something of a Byronic figure, a Don Juan always moving, drifting from New York to New Mexico and back again. "We have known the seasons and to hell with them" is a revealing gesture. Some of his attitudes are self-contradictory, but it is easy to suppose that Bill's intention is often ironic. The best poems in the book (two of them are reprinted from "Trinc") deal with drinking parties and women. "Hasbrouck and the Rose," "Bill Gets Burned," "Words of an Old Woman," are both the most interesting and the most characteristic of Putnam's manner. In these the images are unforced and convincing. The longer and more pretentious poems, "Daughters of the Sun" and "Hymn to Chance," are appropriate enough, but seem to be less sure. In other words, Bill Williams is less fortunate when he becomes didactic or rhetorical. The longer poems are spoken from the footlights and their resonance has a hollow sound. Poetic preaching rather than poetic realization seems to characterize this passage from the "Hymn to Chance":

> At this moment now, conceive us once again
> More suitable to the curving of your hands;
> Make us tough and mystical. . . .
>
> We travel in the belly of the wind;
> It is you, Lord, who shall make us lame or swift.

Contrast this with Putnam's strong and original conception of America as an old woman, a dangerous old woman whose words of advice to Bill carry a threat behind them:

> I was foster-mother to cheap merchandise. . .
> I have molded fools in the images of men. . .
> Uneasy in my arms or in other arms. . .
> I shall trouble girlish countries over the seas;
> They will wake at night and shriek in their narrow beds,
> Having dreamed in sleep of my final certitude.

Bill Williams has many of the qualities that contribute to the making of an American folk tale. Both Putnam as a poet and his hero as a myth are of great potential value. "The Five Seasons" does not complete the portrait, but there can be little doubt that the poet has shown wisdom in making Bill his spokesman and literary executor. It may well be that he will grow larger and assume the character of another Paul Bunyan or Don Quixote. The next

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step forward will be to give the Bill Williams symbol wider implications: American heroes are rare. It would be good to hear from one who has something important to say.

HORACE GREGORY.

The Golden Elephant

America Weighs Her Gold, by James Harvey Rogers. New Haven: Yale University Press. 245 pages. $2.50.

A BOOK LIKE THIS, so clear, so timely and so courageous, ought to make us thankful for universities. These are days of official lying and of an unhealthy optimism which would stifle the truth if it could, and not care too much what sort of methods were used. Here is Mr. Rogers, at least, speaking out in meeting. It is not the first fight he has fought; but it is as good a one as he ever engaged in. He has set himself to examine the whole range of fact and fiction which surrounds our attitudes toward the holiest of our holies, the banking system, and particularly that part of it which is responsible for currency policies.

Mr. Rogers begins with a clever device. He constructs a chart which shows simply and clearly the international balance of payments, and the first half of his book is an exposition of this chart. Only when the elements of this international balance are driven home in his readers' minds does he proceed to raise the questions he has to ask.

He explains how, according to classical theory, the distribution of gold among various countries was automatic. An increase of the gold stocks held in any one country soon led to an increase in the price level. This attracted goods from abroad and made it difficult to sell them there. Since the international balances so made up showed a deficit on one side, gold would be called into the gap. It would flow to the country of low prices, small imports and large exports. All this happened in the markets for goods, gold and securities without thought or policy; and, since it served to balance things all round, it was better that this state of affairs should be left alone.

Even convinced believers in laissez-faire, however, are unable to resist snatching at a privilege or two when the chance occurs, and there were never better chances than during those feasts of corruption at which Congress periodically arranges new tariffs. The tariffs are—not only here but elsewhere—excellent illustrations of the defeat of a system by its favored backers, because their individual interests are not rationally connected with their general interest. For the snatching process is usually seen, when the fever of it dies down, to have resulted in an even higher level of duties. This sets a barrier in the way of that automatic adjustment which is so necessary to the functioning of laissez-faire. Imports are restricted; they cannot come in to relieve a nation of its embarrassing gold stock —if one should be piling up—and, in consequence, exports have also to be restricted. Thus is the grabber grabbed, so to speak; but along with him all of us have to suffer. The operation of our system depends on fluidity and flexibility everywhere. A stiffening or restriction anywhere makes itself felt throughout the whole web of relationships. And finally it makes us wonder whether we ought not to stiffen it everywhere into a rigid plan by which we shall all at least share equitably.

But restriction on commodity movements is only one reason why automatic adjustments fail to take place. It appears that many of the other elements of adjustment have far less flexibility than is assumed by the classical explanation: tourist expenditures are declining instead of increasing; immigrant remittances are falling; indeed, the adjustment of that part of trade which is not shut off is "more like pitch than water." Credits and gold alone possess a high sensitivity. As a result of our war change from debtor to creditor status, there are debts owing us which have to be paid; and since the War we have continued lending hugely to a Europe which preferred, along with us, not to think of a settlement day. The amounts owing to us and coming steadily our way, with a growing prospect of difficulty, have given us an overwhelming proportion of the world's gold, since only gold could come to us freely. But give us as much as they could, to the point of strain, still our debtors could not satisfy our demands. The credit, the currency, the position in international trade of one nation after another, have been warped and strained. In most instances, by now—though this is an addendum to Professor Rogers' book—they have ceased to redeem their obligations in gold, and there is in effect a moratorium on public debts.

In so serious and so pervasive an emergency, all our institutions are called into question. The function of the present book is to raise doubts concerning those institutions which have to do with price levels. Professor Rogers has shown clearly the part of international debts, of tariffs and of gold movements in all this. He proceeds to ask whether it is possible, if we are to maintain the system of privileges which is so natural to laissez-faire, to restore flexibility to the currency; whether it is possible to prevent such disastrous uneven liquidations as we are now experiencing. There is a note of prophecy at the last, which we now know need not have been so cautious as Mr. Rogers made it. It would be a great joke, he thought, if France and the United States should simply be allowed to have all the gold there is!

R. G. TUGWELL.

A Baedeker of the Soul

How to Be Happy Though Human, by W. Béran Wolfe. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 390 pages. $3.50.

STEVENSON in his maturity, and perhaps disillusionment, maintained that happiness cannot be claimed as a right, nor even as a reward for goodness. "A man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise." Dr. Wolfe would probably accept this, but certainly he is not content to let the matter rest here. He wants to know whether there is anything we can do about it, whether the incidence of happiness in your life and mine lies wholly beyond our own control. There is no panacea for happiness here, but there is an optimism based on years of medical experience which takes the form of practical directions for better (and happier) living. The goal of the good life is the production of something worth while to our social organization, and the happiness of others is one of these desirable ends. If I selfishly seek my own happiness only, this is poor technique which generally fails. My own happiness comes best as a by-product of other endeavors.

This, of course, is banal, but Stevenson did not make it so, nor does Dr. Wolfe. He sets out to supply "a Baedeker of the soul," not as an academic essay, but as a practical guide to procedure in puzzling situations. Following his teacher, Alfred Adler, he builds upon the foundation of the inferiority complex; and perhaps this motif is overworked. But he does not claim to have written a symmetrical or comprehensive treatise, and what he sets out to do he does.

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C. JUDSON HERRICK.

Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

AMERICAN LITERATURE as an Expression of the National Mind, by Russell Blankenship. *New York: Henry Holt and Company. 739 pages. $4.*

Mr. Blankenship leans heavily on previous historians, especially on Professor Parrington, whose critical attitude he reproduces without adding new facts or ideas. He gives few quotations, but summarizes accurately the accepted opinion about every author who belongs to the canon of American literature. About two hundred pages are devoted to the twentieth century. The book will probably have a wide circulation as a college text.

AN INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN PROSE, by Frederick C. Prescott and Gerald D. Sanders. *New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. 757 pages. $3.*

This book is evidence of the silent revolution in the making of college texts in literature now going on. Its format is attractive, and the editorial work discriminating. But though it begins with Jonathan Edwards and ends with Sherwood Anderson, the editors have omitted to include many specimens of racy American vernacular prose. The beginning student is likely to conclude that virtue lies only with Cooper, Hawthorne and Paul Elmer More, and that Crockett's "Autobiography," for example, is not authentically a part of American writing.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

FRANK RONEY: Irish Rebel and California Labor Leader. An autobiography, edited by Ira B. Cross. *Berkeley: University of California Press. 573 pages. $5.50.*

When in 1868 the Crown clapped him into Mountjoy Prison, this young Irish Republican chose between a fourteen-year sentence and emigration, and sailed for the Promised Land. What he found there and what he tried to do about it occupy the bulk of this autobiography. On the Coast he launched many labor unions, but lived to see most of them decay. He was an effective leader, but was handicapped by a labor philosophy which allowed him to believe simultaneously in the open shop and in the essential parasitism of the capitalist; which caused him to denounce strikes and advocate conciliation as a mode of bargaining, yet to side, against union policy, with the Haymarket defendants. And while he was not an important figure, his sixty-year fight for labor justifies this record.

GEORGE GERSHWIN: A Study in American Music, by Isaac Goldberg. *New York: Simon and Schuster. 305 pages. $3.50.*

Isaac Goldberg has succeeded in brushing in with remarkably sure strokes, the personality of Broadway's favorite composer. This personality study—together with the absorbing account of Gershwin's rise from the pavements of the East Side to world fame—is perhaps the outstanding portion of the book. With Dr. Goldberg's evaluation of Gershwin's music one cannot altogether agree. Although Gershwin reveals a vigorous talent in his songs—his healthy lyricism is refreshing in this parched age of music—his larger works are shoddily constructed, and often contain music that is of execrable taste. Consequently, though one is heartily in accord with Dr. Goldberg's enthusiasm for Gershwin's songs, one cannot quite share his conviction that the young man's larger works are an important contribution to the music of the world.

LYAUTEY, by André Maurois. *Translated by Hamish Miles. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 370 pages. $3.*

This is the life of a Frenchman born and reared in the tradition of state service and in an atmosphere of aristocracy, Catholicism and monarchism. Since he was also a clever Frenchman, life was to him barely endurable in the routine of military service under the Republic. He found release in colonial conquest and administration, in Indo-China, Madagascar, Morocco. The tale is well told. Neither the hero nor his biographer ever raises the question of the right to conquer those strange and distant countries; apparently conquest is its own justification. As for the kind of government which these bearers of the torch of civilization impose on the conquered natives, it is revealed in the words of another French colonial administrator, one of Marshal Lyautey's early masters in the art: "One must govern *with* the mandarin, and not *against* the mandarin." Of the Indo-Chinese peasant, subjected to the double exploitation of mandarin and European, the author says nothing.

TRAVEL

DANCING GODS, by Erna Fergusson. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 276 pages. $3.*

This is a first-rate popular book on the dances of the Navajo, Apache and Pueblo Indians. The best of these dances are among the most remarkable spectacles in the world; and Miss Fergusson, who was born in New Mexico and for many years took tourists to the dances as a professional dude-wrangler, is an ideal person to write about them. She writes extremely well: the sunlight, the landscape, the bright colors, the masks, feathers and blankets, the faces and movements of the Indians, and the people who come to watch them as well, all come to life in her pages. "Dancing Gods" is at once an excellent guidebook and a valuable piece of reporting. Miss Fergusson manages to supply us with a good deal of general information and at the same time keep up throughout the freshness and realism of personal experience. And she is able to show the poetry and beauty of the Indians without allowing them to go to her head. She is close to the New Mexico earth in which this poetry and beauty has flourished, and far from the hysterical mysticism with which the admirers of the Indian have sometimes beclouded his outline. Especially, the account of the winter shalako ceremonies at Zuñi—with their artistic brilliance, their dramatic effectiveness and their anthropological interest—gives one a new idea of the wonders of the ancient Southwestern world.

THE ROAD TO OBLIVION, by Vladimir Zenzinov, with the collaboration of Isaac Don Levine. *New York: Robert R. McBride and Company. 266 pages, illustrated. $3.*

Vladimir Zenzinov was a revolutionist with many intellectual interests. When he was sent to exile in coldest Arctic Siberia, whose four-directional insuperability made a very effective prison wall, he geologized and ethnologized and botanized; but he had not that feel of place, men and events which goes to the making of a great travel book. His account is interesting, at times absorbing—for example, in the description of the descendants of an expedition sent out in the time of Ivan the Terrible, settled among Mongol nomads and preserving their racial purity and the civilization of sixteenth-century Russia. One finishes the story, however, with disappointment. Though the author is far from being a superficial man, his book is superficial.

TWELVE SECRETS OF THE CAUCASUS, by Essad-Bey. *Translated from the German by G. Chychele Waterston. New York: The Viking Press. 323 pages, illustrated. $3.*

The concluding lines of the author's introduction are: "But things which would be in place in an encyclopedia will not be found here in a book which has no wish to be confused with the heavy artillery of scholarship." Nor, he might have added, with its precise marksmanship. In recounting those details with which the present reviewer is familiar, the author convicts him-

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self of a strong tendency toward romantic exaggeration; but if this is known and granted, his book will interest any reader. It is written with verve and offers absorbing stories and observations. Perhaps the most interesting sections of the book are those dealing with the part played by the Caucasus in the Russian Revolution, the war chests of which were largely supplied by the spoils of mountain brigandage.

Fiction

BASQUE PEOPLE, by Dorothy Canfield. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.*

This collection of short stories depicting the life and ideals of a unique and deeply rooted race, is a tribute to the beauty of simple human relationships. Dorothy Canfield is a firm believer in the steadying and vitalizing effect of simple living, and Basque life is the perfect embodiment of her philosophy. Occupied as they are with simple affections, responsibilities and satisfactions, the Basques lead quiet and uncomplicated lives, uncorrupted by those forces in civilization—vicarious living, artificial standards and complexities of thought—which tend toward the destruction of human vitality and values. Although in most respects this book of Dorothy Canfield's is not unworthy of the author, one finds her insistent moralizing a trifle annoying.

Contributors

William Henry Chamberlin is at present in Russia, where for several years he has been the correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor. He is the author of "Soviet Russia," published last year, and is a frequent contributor to various magazines.

Thyra Samter Winslow, the novelist and short-story writer, is a contributor to The American Mercury, The Pictorial Review and other magazines. "Blueberry Pie," a new volume of short stories, will be published early next year by Knopf.

Mark Van Doren, poet and critic, is the author of "Spring Thunder," "7 P. M.," "Now the Sky" and "Jonathan Gentry." A new volume of poems, "The Perilous Path," is soon to appear.

Catherine K. Bauer is engaged in research for the architect and town-planner, Mr. Clarence Stein. She is also working on a book dealing with modern planned architecture and its significant medium—housing.

John Chamberlain, assistant editor of The New York Times Book Review, has made a study of the era in American politics which is covered by the career of Theodore Roosevelt.

Horace Gregory, the author of "Chelsea Rooming House," a book of verse soon to be issued in England by Faber and Faber, has recently published a translation of Catullus.

R. G. Tugwell is a member of the department of Economics at Columbia University.

C. Judson Herrick, who for many years has been the managing editor of The Journal of Comparative Neurology, is a professor of that subject at the University of Chicago. He has written several books on neurology and biology.

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